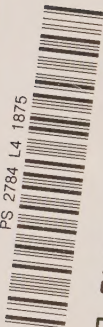


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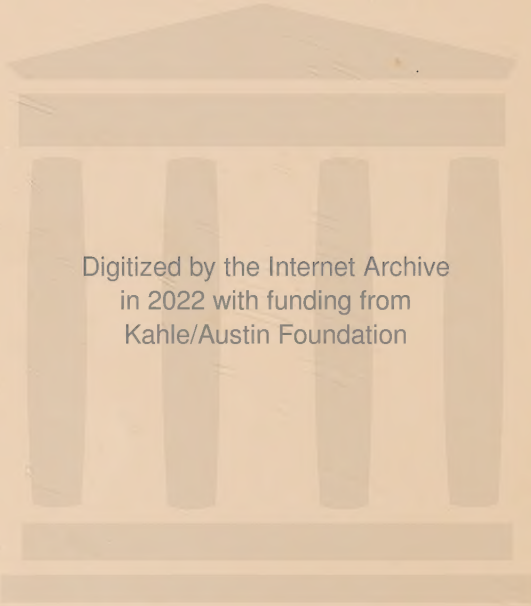
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# LEISURE-DAY RHYMES.

BY

JOHN GODFREY SAXE.



BOSTON:  
JAMES R. OSGOOD AND COMPANY,  
LATE TICKNOR & FIELDS, AND FIELDS, OSGOOD, & Co.  
1875.

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UNIVERSITY PRESS: WELCH, BIGELOW, & Co.,  
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TO

My Good Friend,

FREDERICK LOCKER, ESQ.,

THE MOST ACCOMPLISHED OF LIVING WRITERS

OF

*VERS DE SOCIÉTÉ,*

This Book

OF

LEISURE-DAY RHYMES

IS VERY CORDIALLY INSCRIBED.

J. G. S.

*28 First Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.*



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LEISURE-DAY RHYMES.



## CHORUS OF THE DRYADS.

### FIRST DRYAD.

Who are these who come again  
Strolling in our dark domain ?

### SECOND DRYAD.

Lovers, if I guess aright ;  
And I saw them yesternight,  
Sitting by yon chestnut-tree ;  
And I marvelled much to see  
All I saw ; and more to hear  
All that fell —

### FIRST DRYAD.

Now, tell me, dear,  
What it means, — that wondrous word  
Which so oft I plainly heard

(As, unseen, I watched above);  
Tell me truly what is "love," —  
What of pleasure it may bring,  
Since it seemed so sweet a thing;  
What therein may lurk of pain,  
Since, anon, they sighed again;  
What of shame, that with a blush  
She, the trembler, whispered, "*Hush!*"  
(As assailed with sudden fear.)  
"Darling! don't the *Dryads* hear?"

## THIRD DRYAD.

True as truth! It chanced that I,  
Sleeping on a branch anigh,  
Heard it all; for I awoke  
When their words the silence broke.  
Faith! the lover answered well:  
"Sweet! the *Dryads* never tell!"

## FIRST DRYAD.

*Pan!* I own the matter seems  
Queer as aught we see in dreams;  
Tell me plainly (older you;  
And — it follows — wiser too!)

All about it ; I would know  
What it is can witch them so !

## THIRD DRYAD.

Nay, — I know not. All I learn<sup>d</sup>  
These good eyes and ears discern.  
For the rest, — beyond my ken  
Are the ways of mortal men ;  
And for love, — if it contain  
More of pleasure or of pain,  
All my wits have brought about  
Only this, — that still I doubt !

## SECOND DRYAD.

Strange the awful oaths I heard  
Following many a tender word  
That from either smoothly slips  
Through their seldom-severed lips,  
In the little pauses when  
They were free to speak again.  
Yet I learn from such as you,  
(Tell me plainly, is it true ?)  
That whate'er of bliss it bring,  
Love is but a slippery thing ;

That, with mortal men and maids,  
Kisses fail when beauty fades ;  
And this Love, with scarce a sigh,  
Dies when Youth and Pleasure die !

## THIRD DRYAD.

Nay, — I know not. Well content  
With the good the gods have lent  
To our higher, happier kind,  
Little, sooth ! am I inclined  
All the miseries to trace  
That afflict the human race.  
Safe amid our leafy bowers,  
Sweetly flow the rosy hours,  
While in friendship's calm estate,  
Free from love, as free from hate,  
Here our happy lives are passed,  
Clear of passion —

## FOURTH DRYAD.

Not so fast !  
*I* have heard the tale, you see,  
Of *Pan* and wanton *Dryopè* ;  
And hapless *Syrinx*, who, indeed,



To 'scape his love became a reed  
Most musical of tender woe.  
Ah ! which of us can surely know  
That *she* is safe ? For me, I own  
Some homage to this god unknown  
Whose wondrous potency controls  
Both mortal and immortal souls.  
His smile I crave ; his frown I fear ;  
So, be all lovers welcome here !  
May fragrant flowers a carpet spread  
Whereon their feet may softly tread ;  
May every tall, majestic tree,  
To guard their tryst, a fortress be ;  
And every nymph that views the scene  
Hold in her hand a leafy screen  
To form a dense o'erarching roof  
The blabbing moon to keep aloof ;  
And not a *Dryad* ever tell  
The secret that she knows so well !

## HERE AND HEREAFTER.

“SAY, what shall I believe?” my neighbor said  
Late yesternight, when light discourse had led  
To graver themes. “For me, I stand perplexed,  
While fierce polemics each upon his text  
Of Scriptural foundation builds his creed,  
And cries, ‘Lo! here is Truth! *the* Truth!’ I need  
Some surer way than theologians teach  
In dogmas of the sects.” I answered, “Each  
Must do his own believing. As for me,  
My creed is short as any man’s may be;  
’Tis written in ‘The Sermon on the Mount,’  
And in the ‘Pater-Noster’; I account  
The words ‘Our Father’ (had we lost the rest  
Of that sweet prayer, the briefest and the best  
In all the liturgies) of higher worth,  
To ailing souls, than all the creeds on earth.

A Father loves his children — that I know —  
And fain would make them happy. Even so  
Our Heavenly Father — as we clearly learn  
From his dear Word, and dimly may discern  
From his fair Works — for us, his children, weak  
To walk unhelped, and little prone to seek  
In all our ways what best deserves his smile  
Of approbation, careth all the while  
With love ineffable. 'Tis little more  
Of his designs I venture to explore  
Save with the eye of Faith. With that I see  
(Aided by Reason's glasses) what may be  
Hereafter, in that 'Coming Kingdom' when  
The King shall justify his ways with men  
On earth."

"And what," my doubting friend inquired,  
"Shall be our destiny?"

"No tongue inspired  
Hath plainly told us that. I cannot tell —  
It is not given to know — *where* we shall dwell;  
I only know — and humbly leave the rest  
To Wisdom Infinite — that what is best  
For each will be his *place*; that we shall wear  
In the Beyond the character we bear

In passing ; with what meliorating change  
Of mind and soul, within the endless range  
Of their activities, I cannot tell.

I know ‘ Our Father ’ doeth all things well,  
And loves and changes not.”

“ Alas ! we know

The earth is rife with unavailing woe ! ”

My friend made answer. “ How can such things be ?  
The Father being perfect, we should see  
His government the same — ”

“ Would he not err, —

The hasty judge, who, having seen the stir  
In the first Act of some well-ordered play,  
Should cry, ‘ Preposterous ! ’ and go away  
And criticise the whole (four Acts unseen !)  
As ill-contrived, inconsequent, and mean ? ”

“ Something germane to this,” my daughter said,

“ In an old Jewish tale I lately read :

To pious Bildad, deeply mourning one

Whom he had deeply loved, — his only son, —

Who of the plague had died that very day,

Came his friend Amos, saying, ‘ Tell me, pray,

What grief is this that bows thy reverend head ? ’

The mourner answered, pointing to the bed  
Whereon was laid the body of the youth,  
‘Behold, my friend, the cause ! good cause, in sooth,  
For one to weep, who sees his hopes decay, —  
The work of years all blasted in a day,  
As there thou seest !’ Amos, answering, said,  
‘’T is true, indeed, thine only son is dead ;  
And as thy love even so thy grief is great ;  
But tell me, friend, doth not thy faith abate  
In some degree the sharpness of thy pain ?’  
‘Alas !’ said Bildad, ‘how can I refrain  
From these despairing tears, when thus I find  
My anxious care to cultivate the mind,  
The wondrous gifts and graces of my son,  
Untimely doomed to death, is all undone ?’  
Touched by his sorrow, Amos sat awhile  
In silent thought ; then, with a beaming smile,  
As one who offers manifest relief,  
He said, ‘O Bildad ! let it soothe thy grief,  
That He who gave the talents thou hast sought  
To cherish, and by culture wouldst have wrought  
To highest excellence in this thy son,  
Will surely finish what thou hast begun !’ ”

## MY BOOKS.

AN ! well I love these books of mine,  
That stand so trimly on their shelves,  
With here and there a broken line  
(Fat "quartos" jostling modest "twelves"), —  
A curious company, I own ;  
The poorest ranking with their betters :  
In brief, — a thing almost unknown, —  
A Pure Democracy of Letters.

A motley gathering are they, —  
Some fairly worth their weight in gold ;  
Some just too good to throw away ;  
Some scarcely worth the place they hold.  
Yet well I love them, one and all, —  
These friends so meek and unobtrusive,  
Who never fail to come at call,  
Nor (if I scold them) turn abusive !

If I have favorites here and there,  
And, like a monarch, pick and' choose,  
I never meet an angry stare  
That *this* I take and *that* refuse ;  
No discords rise my soul to vex  
Among these peaceful book-relations,  
Nor envious strife of age or sex  
To mar my quiet lucubrations.

And they have still another merit,  
Which otherwhere one vainly seeks,  
Whate'er may be an author's spirit,  
He never *uninvited* speaks ;  
And should he prove a fool or clown,  
Unworth the precious time you 're spending,  
How quickly you can " put him down,"  
Or " shut him up," without offending !

Here — pleasing sight ! — the touchy brood  
Of critics from dissension cease ;  
And — stranger still ! — no more at feud,  
Polemics smile, and keep the peace.  
See ! side by side, all free from strife  
(Save what the heavy page may smother),



The gentle "Christians" who in life,  
For conscience' sake, had burned each other!

I call them friends, these quiet books ;  
And well the title they may claim,  
Who always give me cheerful looks ;  
(What living friend has done the same ?)  
And, for companionship, how few,  
As these, my cronies ever present,  
Of all the friends I ever knew  
Have been so useful and so pleasant ?

## ESSE QUAM VIDERI.

“ *To be, not seem !* ” — the phrase is old,  
And looks heroic, 't is confessed ;  
And yet, for all its gloss of gold,  
'T will scarcely stand the final test ;  
For, in effect, full many a truth  
Is in the seeming, not the sooth.

Be false, then ? No ! — let Truth appear  
In her own guise, if so it be  
Her words are such as men may hear  
Unhurt, and such as harm not thee ;  
But guard thy seeming, nor reveal  
The fault that silence would conceal.

“ Open and honest ! ” sayest thou :  
“ Why to my neighbor not make known

All ugly soul-spots I avow

To my own conscience as my own ;  
Plain as the freckles he may trace,  
Unasked, upon my hand or face ? ”

I answer thus : The Mighty One

Who made thy best, immortal part,  
Made it *invisible*, that none

May see thy mind or read thy heart,  
Save as thou wilt ; else were thy soul  
In others', not thine own control.

'T is well that God alone can see

The hearts of men that he has made  
Within their breasts ; since only he

With their infirmities has weighed  
Their sins, — to human frailty just,  
Knowing full well we are but dust.

And as we hide, for very shame,

With garments cunning Art doth lend,  
Whatever of our fleshly frame,

Undraped, would mortal eyes offend  
(While to the Maker, ne'er the less,  
His power and wisdom we confess) ;

So let our souls — which, all unclad,  
    Though fair as souls on earth may be,  
Were still a sight to make men sad,  
    Unmeet for human eyes to see —  
In modest drapery conceal  
The faults 't were shameful to reveal.

Nay, as, with no unlawful arts,  
    We deck our forms to make them fair,  
Who shall aver our wayward hearts  
    May not receive an equal care,  
That, like our bodies, they may be  
In seemly plight for company ?

## THE DEAD LETTER.

AND can it be ? Ah, yes, I see,  
'T is thirty years and better  
Since Mary Morgan sent to me  
This musty, musky letter.  
A pretty hand (she could n't spell),  
As any man must vote it ;  
And 't was, as I remember well,  
A pretty hand that wrote it !

How calmly now I view it all,  
As memory backward ranges, —  
The talks, the walks, that I recall,  
And then — the postal changes !  
How well I loved her I can guess  
(Since cash is Cupid's hostage), —

Just one-and-sixpence — nothing less —  
This letter cost in postage !

The love that wrote at such a *rate*  
(By Jove! it was a steep one!)  
Five hundred notes (I calculate)  
Was certainly a deep one ;  
And yet it died — of slow decline —  
Perhaps suspicion chilled it ;  
I've quite forgotten if 't was mine  
Or Mary's flirting killed it.

At last the fatal message came :  
“ My letters, — please return them ;  
And yours — of course you wish the same —  
I'll send them back or burn them.”  
Two precious fools, I must allow,  
Whichever was the greater :  
I wonder if I'm wiser now,  
Some seven lustres later ?

And *this* alone remains ! Ah, well !  
These words of warm affection,  
The faded ink, the pungent smell,  
Are food for deep reflection.

They tell of how the heart contrives  
To change with fancy's fashion,  
And how a drop of musk survives  
The strongest human passion !



TO A CITY COUSIN ABOUT TO BE MARRIED.

(S. B.)

Is it true, what they tell me, my beautiful cousin,

You are going to be married? — have settled the day?  
That the cards are all printed? — the wedding-dress  
chosen? —

And everything fixed for an evening in May?  
Ah — well! — just imagine, — had *I* been a Turk,  
And *you* — but, no matter, — 't is idle to whine;  
In the purest of bosoms some envy may lurk,  
And I feel a little (I own it!) in mine!

'*T is over!* — the struggle was but for a minute;

And now let me give you, dear cousin, I pray,  
A word of advice, — if there's anything in it,  
Accept it; if not, you can throw it away.

An excellent maxim is "*crede experto*";

Which means (since your Latin I venture to doubt)

For practical wisdom 't is best to refer to  
 A teacher who knows what he 's talking about.

*C'est moi !* I 've been married this many a year ;  
 And know rather more than a bachelor can,  
 And more — I suppose it is equally clear —  
 Than a *very* young wife or a new-married man.  
 Of course there 'll be matters to worry and vex,  
 But woman is mighty, and Patience endures ;  
 And *ours* — recollect — is the (much) “softer sex,”  
 Though we (not very gallantly) *say* it of yours !

The strong should be merciful ! Woman we find,  
 Though weaker in body, surpassing us still  
 In virtue ; and strong — very strong in her mind,  
 (When she knows what it is !) — not to mention her  
 will.

Be gentle ! How hard you will find it to bear  
 When your husband is wrong ; and as difficult, quite,  
 In the other contingency, — not at all rare, —  
 When you 're forced, in your heart, to confess he was  
 right !

Be careful of trifles : a maxim of weight  
 In questions affecting the heart or the head ;

In wedlock, consider how often the fate  
 Of the gravest affairs may depend on a thread.  
 On a *button* perhaps ! Ah ! the “conjugal tie”  
 Should never be strained to its ultimate test ;  
 Full many a matron has found, with a sigh,  
 That the fixture was barely a button, at best !

A truce to our jesting. While friends by the dozen  
 Their kind gratulations are fain to employ ;  
 None more than your poet — your mirth-loving  
 cousin —

Puts his heart in the words while he’s “wishing you  
 joy.”

Quite through to its close may your conjugal life  
 Maintain the impressions with which it began ;  
 The women still saying, “I envy the wife,”  
 And husbands exclaiming, “I envy the man !”

May 25, 1870.

## HOW TO WOO AND WIN.

WOULD you play the manly lover,  
    (Said a graybeard to his son),  
List, my lad, while I discover  
    How a maiden should be won.

Woo her not with boastful phrases,  
    Lest you teach her lip to sneer ;  
Still a suitor's warmest praises  
    In his conduct should appear.

Woo her not with senseless sighing ;  
    Maidens love a laughing eye :  
Tell her not that you are "dying,"  
    Lest she, mocking, bid you die !

Woo her not with weakly winning  
O'er your poverty of pelf,  
Lest she answer by declining  
Both your sorrow and yourself!

Woo her with a manly wooing ;  
Giving hostages to Fate,  
All the heart's devotion showing  
By its strength to work and wait.

Woo her not with idle prattle  
Whom you fain would make your wife ;  
But with proof that in life's battle  
You are equal to the strife.

Like the knight whose simple swing  
Won the lady (says the tale),  
When, despite their wordy wooing,  
All the rest were doomed to fail : —

“ Lady ! ” quoth the bold Knight Errant,  
“ Brief the story I shall tell :  
I would wed thee ; here 's the warrant  
I shall love and serve thee well ! ”

And, behold ! his dexter fingers  
    Crush a horse-shoe, like a reed !  
And within her lap there lingers  
    All the gold the twain can need !

## PARTING WORDS.

FAREWELL ! Howe'er it fare with me,  
(But God is good !) I pray for thee  
Such peace as Heaven may grant to one  
Who, basking in the summer sun  
Of pleasure, for life's nobler part  
Bears evermore a wintry heart.

And if I lose what could not last,  
With little grief that all is past,  
For me, I deem my sin was small :  
No broken pledges I recall ;  
No shaken constancy ; no word  
Of faith, save what might be inferred  
From lips that did but warmly kiss,  
Or speak, no other sense than this, —  
That thou wert beautiful, and seemed  
The bright ideal I had dreamed

My kind, but somewhat tardy Fate  
Would send, one day, to be my mate.  
And, for a while, I looked to thee,  
With fond expectancy, to see  
(As suited with thy handsome face,  
Fair to excess !) the inward grace,  
The noble soul, the brilliant mind,  
That form the flower of womankind.

The proverb says, " We live and learn " ;  
And so it came that I discern  
(Since now I read thee, through and through,  
With eyes somewhat love-blinded, too !)  
A nature shallow, fickle, cold ;  
A judgment weak, yet over-bold ;  
A heart that yearns, when passion-moved,  
To love ? No ! — only to be loved !  
And yet receives the precious store,  
Unconscious of the costly ore,  
As an unthinking child might cry  
For diamonds flashing in its eye,  
Whom bits of glass had pleased as well !

I thank the Fate who broke the spell ;  
I thank thee for the petty spite,  
That for a small, imagined slight,



(Though graver sins had passed unseen !)  
At last dethroned my Fancy's queen,  
And left me musing how a face  
Which once had worn so sweet a grace  
Could, in a moment, (wondrous change !)  
Its warmest worshipper estrange !

## MISERERE DOMINE!

A HYMN.

HAVE pity, Lord ! — we humbly cry,  
With trembling voice, and tearful eye ;  
Thou know'st our ignorance and sin,  
And what by grace we might have been ;  
All — all is known, O Lord, to thee ;

*Miserere Domine !*

Our public walks and private ways ;  
The follies of our youthful days ;  
Our manhood's errors, — every stain  
Of lust and pride to thee are plain ;  
For who, O Lord ! can hide from thee ?

*Miserere Domine !*

Too late we mourn our wasted hours,  
Neglected gifts, perverted powers ;  
Affections warm, of heavenly birth,  
Lavished, alas ! on toys of earth :  
How far estranged, O Lord, from thee !

*Miserere Domine !*

How oft, O Lord ! things bright and fair  
To human sight, are but a snare ;  
A gilded bait to lure the soul  
Within the subtle Fiend's control :  
But there is refuge, Lord, in thee !

*Miserere Domine !*

O, let us never feel in vain  
From thy dear hand the warning pain ;  
The Father's stripes upon us laid  
In mercy, for thy children's aid :  
Teach us in all thy hand to see :

*Miserere Domine !*

“Our Father !” thou dost bid us pray ;  
As children who are prone to stray

In devious paths, whence we retreat  
With garments torn and bleeding feet ;  
Our Father ! let us fly to thee :

*Miserere Domine !*

OUR FATHER ! ever-blesséd name !  
To thee we bring our sin and shame ;  
Weak though we be, perverse of will,  
Thou art our gracious Father still,  
Who knowest well how frail we be.

*Miserere Domine !*

## THE DUKE'S STRATAGEM.

### A MILANESE TALE.

THE Duke of Milan — Galeazzo named —  
Supremely loved Correggia, widely famed  
For every charm a maiden might possess ;  
And, in her heart, she loved the Duke no less ;  
Though each, awhile (so churlish Fate designed  
To mar their bliss) knew not the other's mind,  
But hoped and feared in silence ; till, at last,  
When many a moon of trembling doubt was passed,  
And Gossip vainly had essayed to seek  
The cause of Galeazzo's pallid cheek  
And moody air, some ladies of the Court  
Addressed him boldly thus (as half in sport  
And half in earnest) : “ Sire ! we all can see  
Your Highness is in love ! — and now, that we

May pay our loyal service where the same  
Is justly due, we fain would know the name  
Of *her*, — the happy lady of your choice ! ”  
Surprised, abashed, the Duke, with faltering voice,  
In civil sort such merry answers made,  
As best might serve the question to evade.  
In vain ! as one by one their weapons fail,  
With fresh artillery they the Duke assail,  
Until, at length, 't is clear the man must yield,  
By clamor overpowered, — or fly the field !  
“ A truce, — a truce ! ” he cried, “ for mercy's sake !  
Now, please you all ! a banquet I will make,  
Such as may suit so fair a company :  
Come, one and all, and see what you shall see,  
To aid — perchance to end — your merry quest.”  
And all said “ Aye ! ” — Correggia with the rest.  
The banquet over, Galeazzo set  
Upon the board a curious cabinet  
In which, upon a panel, was portrayed,  
In happiest art, the picture of a maid  
(Some clever painter's fancy). “ There ! ” said he,  
All ye who choose, my lady-love may see ! ”  
Now, when the fair Correggia — lingering last,  
For fearfulness — observed that all who passed

The pictured girl, in silence turned away  
As from a face unknown, — in deep dismay  
She took her turn to gaze ; when, God of Grace !  
She saw no painted image, but the face  
Which her own features, radiantly fair,  
Reflected, blushing, in a mirror there !  
And so it was the two true loves were known ;  
And so it came to pass that not alone  
The happy Galeazzo filled the ducal throne !

## TEMPORA MUTANTUR.

“THE times are changed !” long, long ago,  
A Roman graybeard sighed ;  
“ And still, as seasons wax and wane,  
We change with time and tide.”  
And I (alas ! that I must own  
My locks are growing scanter !)  
In pensive retrospect repeat,  
*O tempora mutantur !*

Where now are all the village belles  
I sonneteered of yore ?  
Gone, — with the fashion of the boots  
And bonnets which they wore ;  
Their dimpled cheeks are wrinkled now,  
And Time — the Disenchanter !



Has dimmed the eyes that dazzled mine, —

*O tempora mutantur !*

O, how we raved of constancy,

Melinda May and I !

I 've quite forgotten which was first

To break the tender tie ;

I know that I survived the shock,

(Though sworn to die instanter !)

And 'Linda lived — to love again, —

*O tempora mutantur !*

Good Dr. Proser, where is he ?

Whose logic clear and strong

The vestry praised, — nor ever deemed

The sermon over-long,

Until they heard, and quite preferred

The Reverend Rousing Ranter ;

To whom succeeded Parson Prim, —

*O tempora mutantur !*

Yes, times are changed ; but one can dine,

And Mag's the best of cooks.

“No dinner?” John! “Sir, if you please,

Mag’s gone to ‘go for Snooks’!”

And wife? “She’s gone along with Mag.”

John! bring me that decanter!—

By Jove! I’ll go and vote for Jones!

*O tempora mutantur!*

## A CHARMING WOMAN.

A CHARMING woman, I've heard it said  
By other women as light as she ;  
But all in vain I puzzle my head  
To find wherein the charm may be.  
Her face, indeed, is pretty enough,  
And her form is quite as good as the best,  
Where Nature has given the bony stuff,  
And a clever milliner all the rest.

Intelligent? Yes, — in a certain way ;  
With a feminine gift of ready speech ;  
And knows very well what *not* to say  
Whenever the theme transcends her reach.  
But turn the topic on things to wear,  
From an opera cloak to a *robe de nuit*, —

Hats, basques, or bonnets, — 't will make you stare  
To see how fluent the lady can be !

Her laugh is hardly a thing to please ;  
For an honest laugh must always start  
From a gleesome mood, like a sudden breeze,  
And hers is purely a matter of art, —  
A muscular motion made to show  
What Nature designed to lie beneath  
The finer mouth ; but what can she do,  
If *that* is ruined to show the teeth ?

To her seat in church — a good half-mile —  
When the day is fine she is sure to go,  
Arrayed, of course, in the latest style  
*La mode de Paris* has got to show ;  
And she puts her hands on the velvet pew  
(Can hands so white have a taint of sin ?)  
And thinks — how her prayer-book's tint of blue  
Must harmonize with her milky skin !

Ah ! what shall we say of one who walks  
In fields of flowers to choose the weeds ?

Reads authors of whom she never talks,  
And talks of authors she never reads ?  
She 's a charming woman, I 've heard it said  
By other women as light as she ;  
But all in vain I puzzle my head  
To find wherein the charm may be.

“JUSTINE, YOU LOVE ME NOT!”

“*Helas ! vous ne m'aimez pas.*” — PIRON.

I KNOW, Justine, you speak me fair  
As often as we meet ;  
And 't is a luxury, I swear,  
To hear a voice so sweet ;  
And yet it does not please me quite,  
The civil way you 've got ;  
For me you 're something too polite, —  
Justine, you love me not !

I know, Justine, you never scold  
At aught that I may do :  
If I am passionate or cold,  
'T is all the same to you.

“A charming temper,” say the men,  
“To smooth a husband’s lot” :  
I wish ’t were ruffled now and then, —  
Justine, you love me not !

I know, Justine, you wear a smile  
As beaming as the sun ;  
But who supposes all the while  
It shines for only one ?  
Though azure skies are fair to see,  
A transient cloudy spot  
In yours would promise more to me, —  
Justine, you love me not !

I know, Justine, you make my name  
Your eulogistic theme,  
And say — if any chance to blame —  
You hold me in esteem.  
Such words, for all their kindly scope,  
Delight me not a jot ;  
Just so you would have praised the Pope, —  
Justine, you love me not !

I know, Justine, — for I have heard  
What friendly voices tell, —

“JUSTINE, YOU LOVE ME NOT !”

You do not blush to say the word,

“ You *like* me passing well ” ;

And thus the fatal sound I hear .

That seals my lonely lot :

There 's nothing now to hope or fear, —

Justine, you *love* me not !



“BE GOOD TO YOURSELF.”

“GOOD BY ! good by !” the driver said,  
As the coach went off in a whirl ;  
(And the coachman bowed his handsome head ;)  
“*Be good to yourself, — my girl !*”

Ah ! many a fond good-by I’ve heard,  
From many an aching heart ;  
And many a friendly farewell word,  
When strangers came to part ;

And I’ve heard a thousand merry quips,  
And many a senseless joke,  
And many a fervent prayer from lips  
That all a-tremble spoke ;

And many a bit of good advice  
In smooth proverbial phrase ;

And many a wish — of little price —  
For health and happy days :

But musing how the human soul  
(Whate'er the Fates may will)  
Still measures by its self-control  
Its greatest good or ill, —

Of benedictions, I protest,  
'Mid many a shining pearl,  
I like the merry coachman's best, —  
“Be good to yourself, — my girl !”

TO A BACHELOR FRIEND IN THE COUNTRY.

COME and see us, any day ;  
With his choicest mercies  
Heaven has showered my rugged way,  
Plenty — as my verses.  
Share my home, O lonely elf,  
Cosiest of houses  
Wisely ordered, like myself !  
By the best of spouses.

Though 't is small upon the ground,  
I may fairly mention  
Toward the sky it will be found  
Of sublime extension.  
Narrow is a city-lot,  
When you 've truly said it ;

But the "stories" we have got  
 You would scarcely credit !

Though the stairs are something tall,  
 You have but to clamber  
 Up the fourth ; " upon the wall  
 Is the Prophet's chamber."  
 Thence my garden you may view,  
 Kept with costly labor,  
 Specially for me and you,  
 By my wealthy neighbor.

Books — you hardly need be told —  
 Wait your welcome coming ;  
 Some I warrant — mainly old —  
 Worthy of your thumbing.  
 For the rest, I only swear,  
 Though they 're rather recent,  
 You will find the printing fair,  
 And the binding decent.

Breakfast ? — Mutton-chops at eight  
 (Cook will do them nicely).

Dinner? — What you choose to state,

Served at two precisely.

Bed? — Delicious (not a few

Were the swans who lined it)

As a bachelor, like you,

Could expect to find it!

## LOVE AND MONEY.

A HOMILY.

OF course, my dear Charley, I hold,  
As a poet and moralist should,  
That love is far better than gold  
(Though gold is undoubtedly good) ;  
And yet, as the proverb declares,  
I fear me the doctrine is true,  
That in managing human affairs,  
“ *L'amour fait beaucoup ; l'argent fait tout !* ”

You wish — for example — to win  
A proper companion for life,  
(At forty 't is time to begin !)  
And so you go courting a wife ;  
You offer your heart and your purse,  
But much as affection may do,

There's meaning, no doubt, in the verse,

*“L'amour fait beaucoup ; l'argent fait tout !”*

You purchase an elegant house,

As an opulent gentleman ought ;

And you and your beautiful spouse

By people of Fashion are sought :

But when you remember the way

“Society” chooses her few,

Perhaps you may sigh as you say,

*“L'amour fait beaucoup ; l'argent fait tout !”*

In conjugal matters as well

As those of a worldlier sort,

What virtue in money may dwell

Were worthy a sage's report ;

You're honored — O, *not* for your pelf ;

But, taking the rosier view,

Do you think it is all for yourself ?

*“L'amour fait beaucoup ; l'argent fait tout !”*

O, love is a beautiful thing,

A passion of heavenly birth ;

But money 's a tyrannous king,

The mightiest monarch on earth ;

And, in managing human affairs,

I fear me the doctrine is true,

As the old Gallic proverb declares,

*“ L'amour fait beaucoup : l'argent fait tout ! ”*



## ODE.

ON OCCASION OF THE UNVEILING OF THE BUST OF JOHN HOWARD PAYNE,  
IN PROSPECT PARK, BROOKLYN, N. Y., SEPTEMBER 27, 1873.

To him who sang of "Home, sweet Home,"

In strains so sweet the simple lay

Has thrilled a million hearts, we come

A nation's grateful debt to pay.

Yet not for him the bust we raise;

Ah no ! can lifeless lips prolong

Fame's trumpet voice ? The poet's praise

Lives in the music of his song !

The noble dead we fondly seek

To honor with applauding breath :

Unheeded fall the words we speak

Upon "the dull, cold ear of death."

Yet not in vain the spoken word,  
Nor vain the monument we raise ;  
With quicker throbs our hearts are stirred  
To catch the nobleness we praise !

Columbia's sons, — we share his fame ;  
'T is for ourselves the bust we rear,  
That they who mark the graven name  
May know that name to us is dear ;  
Dear as the home the exile sees, —  
The fairest spot beneath the sky, —  
Where first — upon a mother's knees —  
He slept, and where he yearns to die.

But not alone the lyric fire  
Was his ; the Drama's muse can tell  
His genius could a Kean inspire ;  
A Kemble owned his magic spell ;  
A Kean, to " Brutus " self so true,  
(As true to Art and Nature's laws,)   
He seemed the man the poet drew,  
And shared with him the town's applause.

Kind hearts and brave, with truth severe,  
He drew, unconscious, from his own ;

O nature rare ! But pilgrims here  
Will oft'nest say, in pensive tone,  
With reverent face and lifted hand,  
“ 'T was he — by Fortune forced to roam —  
Who, homeless in a foreign land,  
So sweetly sang the joys of home ! ”

## PART OF AN AFTER-DINNER SPEECH.

SPOKEN AT THE FESTIVAL OF THE 41ST ANNUAL CONVENTION OF ΨΙ  
ΥΨΙΑΟΝ AT DELMONICO'S, NEW YORK, APRIL 8, 1874.

DEAR BROTHERS : I 'm something unhappy. I heard  
Such abuse, t' other day, of an innocent word  
It roused all the wrath of the mildest of men  
To a height as colossal, I fancy, as when  
A former occasion provoked the inquiry  
In the mind of the *Mantuan*, "*Tantæne iræ ?*"  
You 'll say there was reason, — I 'll state you the case :  
There 's a *boy* in my house in whose handsomish face  
Are features from which one may easily gather  
He is fairly entitled to call *me* his father :  
A youngster of thirty ; as yet rather slim,  
But of excellent promise in stature and limb.  
Well, — to tell you the story, — a saucy young boor  
Of *Johnny's* acquaintance came up to the door,

And, ringing the bell in a violent way,  
Sent up the Hibernian maiden to say  
That a gentleman wanted, a moment, to see  
“ *Mister* ” (adding the surname belonging to me).  
“ Bid him come to my study ! ” I civilly said.  
In a minute or so Maggie popped in her head ;  
“ It was *not* for yourself, sure, the fellow did *ax* ;  
He said it was *young* and not *old* Mister S—e  
He wanted to see ! ”

And am I to be told  
By a blundering booby that I — *I am old* ?  
The word, I ’m aware, is by no means a new one,  
And for people of eighty, no doubt, is the true one ;  
What incensed *my* soul to such fierce indignation  
Was its very improper, absurd *application* !  
Is he *old* who can climb to the highest of attics,  
And never complain of fatigue or “ rheumatics ” ?  
Is he old who, in spite of his fast-thinning curls,  
Has a joke for the boys and a smile for the girls ?  
Is he old whom fair women — (No ! not the duress  
Of prison or torture shall make me confess !)  
Is he old who owes nothing to fraudulent art ?  
Above all, is he old who is young at the heart ?

I rather think not ! But, *quien sabe ?* Who knows ?  
The bud of last evening to-day is a rose ;  
And roses *will* fade ; and, in like manner, when  
We jolly young fellows grow middle-aged men,  
Perhaps the Good Father (it surely were kind)  
Makes us to our failings conveniently blind.  
“ Know yourself ! ” said the Grecian. A difficult task,  
And rather too much of a mortal to ask ;  
We all know the name of the fellow who penned it,  
And how he asserted “ *e cœlo descendit !* ”  
“ Know yourself ! ” It is well ; but for *my* part, my  
brothers,  
I would rather extend my acquaintance with others,  
As promising, surely, a better return  
Than aught of myself I could possibly learn !  
To learn Human Nature is truly an art,  
And many imagine they’ve got it by heart,  
Because they are keen at detecting offences,  
Base motives, sly vices, and shallow pretences ;  
Let us study, the rather, to find out the merit  
The faultiest neighbor may chance to inherit ;  
To publish the virtue that’s misunderstood,  
And always and everywhere seek for the good.  
There was one “ Paddy Goldsmith,” an author of note,

(And who has not read what “poor Oliver” wrote ?)  
A scholar, philosopher, writer of plays,  
And a poet who still wears the freshest of bays, —  
Every dandy in town, every chambermaid *Moll*,  
Could tell of his blunders and laugh at poor “Noll” ;  
Every coxcomb could see he was homely and rough,  
And of follies and foibles had more than enough :  
But it took the profoundest of sages to scan  
The learning and genius that lay in the man !  
*Sam Johnson* could see, and was bold to declare,  
There was spirit and humor and poetry there ;  
And to fools who might sneer, he had ever this answer :  
“ You may laugh as you will, sir ! and say what you  
can, sir !  
He ’s a genuine wit and a wonderful man, sir ! ”

## ODE TO THE LEGISLATURE.

ON THE EXPIRATION OF THE "HUNDRED DAYS."

O WISE Assembly ! and O wiser Senate !

I much rejoice to pen it, —

The Hundred Days in which you lived in clover

Are gone and over !

Gone are the Legislators, great and small ;

Clerks, Ushers, Porters, Messengers, and all

The crowd of country cousins in the hall !

Gone are the vultures, large and little ;

Gone are the venders of cold victual ;

Gone are the ladies, short and tall,

The virtuous and the vicious,

The meritorious and the meretricious,

Who follow their vocations

Where you resort ;

In short,



The Apple-women, and the sort

With other appellations !

Gone is the patient, patriotic “ Lobby ” ;

Some, who have bagged their game

Laden with wealth — and shame ;

And others, leading home their lame

And ill-conditioned hobby,

A little leaner than it came !

Gone, too, the Sharps and Flats who swarm

In secret sessions and perform

“ Feats of the *Ring* ”

Unequalled elsewhere, — not the sort of thing

Where human features catch defacing blows, —

But meaner feats than those,

Degrading legislative *Ayes* and *Noes* !

O famous Hundred ! —

In which (while “ rural districts ” wondered)

Your little Tullys thundered,

Your Hectors blustered, and your Solons blundered,

And *Buncombe* — honest ass ! was praised — and plundered !

To think ! what wind and muscle were expended  
    (Mere money not to mention)  
    In quieting dissension !  
What righteous bills opposed, and bad defended ;  
What Acts (and facts) were made and marred and  
    mended  
    Before the Session ended !

They say, O Legislature ! in despite  
Of all adverse appearances, you *might*  
    Have been much weaker.  
    (*How ?* I have asked, — but all in vain ;  
    None could, or would explain !)  
But this I freely own, — you had a “Speaker”  
    That justified the title, and could speak,  
    In speeches neither few nor weak ;  
    And though he often pained us, —  
When at his highest pitch of declamation,  
The man’s oration, and vocif-oration,  
    Were really *Tremain*-dous !

Perhaps, O Legislature ! since your pay  
    Is rather small,  
(I mean, of course, the regular *per diem*

And not the price of votes when brokers buy 'em,)   
 You saw the Hundredth day   
       With pleasure, after all.

If so, I will not hint, — there's little need, —   
 You and the people were, for once, agreed !

Farewell, O Senate ! and Assembly, too !   
 Good by ! *adios ! a-Dio ! adieu !*

    (I don't say *au revoir !*)

With common-sense I would n't be at war.   
 That Legislatures come, it needs must be,   
 (And go, thank Heaven !) but when I see   
       Your Ways and Means, I think

Of what, upon a time, a person said   
       Touching an article we eat and drink :   
 If you'd enjoy (quoth he) your gingerbread,   
       Or sip your sweetened coffee with delight,   
       Of *sugar-making* pray avoid the sight !

And thus, with greater cause,   
       Would we respect the Laws   
 (Which *should* be revered to be obeyed),   
 IT IS N'T BEST TO SEE THEM MADE !

## WHY : A SONNET.

“WHY do I love thee?” Thus, in earnest wise,  
I answer : Sweet ! I love thee for thy face  
Of rarest beauty ; and for every grace  
That in thy voice and air and motion lies ;  
I love thee for the love-look in thine eyes, —  
The melting glance which only one may see  
Of all who mark how beautiful they be ;  
I love thee for thy mind (which yet denies,  
For modesty, how wonderful it is) !  
I love thee for thy heart so true and warm,  
I love thee for thy bosom’s hidden charm ;  
I love thee for thy mouth so sweet to kiss ;  
Because of these I love thee ; yet above  
All else, because I cannot choose but love !

## LAURA.

### IN MEMORIAM.

“O HATEFUL Death !” my angry spirit cries,  
“Who thus couldst take my darling from my sight,  
Shrouding her beauty in sepulchral night ;  
O cruel ! unto prayers and tears and sighs  
Inexorable !” “Hush !” my soul replies ;  
“Be just, O stricken heart ! the mortal strife  
Which we call ‘death’ is birth to higher life.  
Safe in the Father’s Mansion in the skies,  
She bides thy coming ; only gone before,  
A little while, that at thy parting breath,  
Thou mayst endure a lighter pain of death,  
And gladlier pass beyond this earthly shore ;  
For, with thy Laura calling from on high,  
It cannot, sure, be very hard to die.”



FABLES AND FAIRY TALES.





## THE TWO ANGELS.

### AN ALLEGORY.

Two wandering angels, Sleep and Death,  
Once met in sunny weather :  
And while the twain were taking breath,  
They held discourse together.

Quoth Sleep (whose face, though twice as fair,  
Was strangely like the other's, —  
So like, in sooth, that anywhere  
They might have passed for brothers) :

“A busy life is mine, I trow ;  
Would I were omnipresent !  
So fast and far have I to go ;  
And yet my work is pleasant.

“ I cast my potent poppies forth,  
And lo ! — the cares that cumber  
The toiling, suffering sons of Earth  
Are drowned in sweetest slumber.

“ The student rests his weary brain,  
And waits the fresher morrow ;  
I ease the patient of his pain,  
The mourner of his sorrow.

“ I bar the gates where cares abide,  
And open Pleasure’s portals  
To visioned joys ; thus, far and wide,  
I earn the praise of mortals.”

“ Alas ! ” replied the other, “ mine  
Is not a task so grateful ;  
Howe’er to mercy I incline,  
To mortals I am hateful.

“ They call me ‘ Kill-joy,’ every one,  
And speak in sharp detraction  
Of all I do ; yet have I done  
Full many a kindly action.”

“ True ! ” answered Sleep, “ but all the while  
Thine office is berated,  
’T is only by the weak and vile  
That thou art feared and hated.

“ And though thy work on earth has given  
To all a shade of sadness ;  
Consider — every saint in heaven  
Remembers thee with gladness ! ”

## THE GOLD-FINGERED BRAHMIN.

### A HINDOO TALE.

A FAMOUS merchant, who had made  
A fine estate by honest trade  
With foreign countries, — by mischance  
(The failure of a firm in France  
And several cargoes lost at sea),  
Became as poor as poor could be ;  
Of all his riches saving naught,  
Except, indeed, the pleasing thought  
Of generous deeds in better days,  
Which some remembered to his praise.  
Of these, a Brahmin, who had known  
The merchant ere his wealth had flown,  
And how he helped the sick and poor,

Entered, one day, his open door,  
And said, " My friend ! I know you well ;  
Your former state ; and what befell  
That all was lost ; and well I know  
Your noble life, and fain would show "  
(Since I have power — Heaven be adored !)  
How all your wealth may be restored.  
Now please attend : whenc'er you see  
A Brahmin who resembles me  
In looks and dress (and such an one  
Will enter here at set of sun),  
Just strike him on the forehead — thrice ;  
And lo ! his fingers, in a trice,  
Will turn to solid gold ! Of these  
Cut off as many as you please  
(The ten will make a goodly sum),  
And thus the Brahmin-form will come  
Whenever you have need of gold.  
Consider well what I have told ! "

With this the Brahmin went away,  
And, sure enough, at close of day,  
A stranger, like the other, came, —  
So like, indeed, he seemed the same, —

And sat him down ; and, quick as thought,  
The blows are struck, the charm is wrought,  
And all his fingers turn to gold !  
O wondrous sight ! — And now behold  
The happy merchant rich once more  
As in his thrifty days of yore !

A barber, curious to know  
Whence all this sudden wealth might flow,  
By watching morning, noon, and night,  
The magic Brahmin brought to light ;  
At least, he thought beyond a doubt  
He 'd found the golden secret out ;  
And straight he called *three* Brahmins in,  
And bade them sit : “ For so I 'll win,”  
The fellow reasoned, “ thrice as much  
As if a single man I touch :  
The more the men, the more the gold !  
I 'll have as much as I can hold  
In all my pockets, at a blow ! ”  
But when he struck the Brahmins, lo !  
They turned not into golden ores,  
But turned — the barber out of doors !  
And, angry at his scurvy trick,  
Each beat him soundly with a stick !

## MORAL.

To all who read this pleasant tale,  
The barber's fate may serve to teach,  
How sadly imitators fail  
Who aim at things beyond their reach !

## THE FARMER AND THE MAGIC RING.

### A FAIRY TALE.

IN grateful reward of some generous thing  
That an honest young farmer had done  
To a wandering Fairy, she gave him a ring  
That was set with a magical stone.

“Pray take it, and wear it as long as you live,”  
Said the Fay, as the present she gave ;  
“’T is a wonderful ring, and is potent to give  
Whatever its wearer may crave.

“One wish, and no more, it is certain to bring ;  
Whatever you have in your thought,  
You have only to wish,—with a turn of the ring,—  
And presto ! the marvel is wrought !”



Now, what should he wish ? — It was not very clear ;  
And so he consulted his spouse ;  
Who quickly replied, “ Good gracious ! my dear !  
Just wish for a couple of cows ! ”

“ Nay, — nay ! that were foolish ! ” the farmer replies ;  
“ The cows I can earn in a year,  
By the work of my hands ; pray, let us be wise,  
And wish to some purpose, my dear ! ”

“ Well, — wish for more land ! ” said the voluble dame ;  
“ There ’s a meadow adjoining our farm  
You long have been wanting ; *that* surely were game  
Well worthy your magical charm ! ”

“ Nay, — nay ! ” said the farmer ; “ that, too, I can buy  
In a couple of years, at the most ;  
Something better than that we must find ere we try  
What virtue this bauble may boast.

“ One wish, recollect, is allowed, — and no more ;  
In waiting there ’s surely no harm ;  
And then, how the fault we should ever deplore  
If we foolishly squander the charm ! ”

And so — it is told — to the day when he died  
By talent and labor alone  
The farmer grew wealthy, nor ever had tried  
A wish with the magical stone !

## MORAL.

“ O fool of a farmer ! ” how many will say,  
“ Who, having so potent a ring,  
Just stupidly threw the advantage away ! —  
Was ever so silly a thing ? ” —  
But, from wishing amiss, what mortal can tell  
What evil might chance to befall ?  
Or know that in wishing his choice were as well  
As not to have chosen at all ?

## THE GRUMBLING PEASANTS.

### A ROMAN TALE.

ONE summer's day — the tale is told —  
An honest Peasant, poor and old,  
Worked in the meadow with his wife,  
When thus she spoke : “ Well, on my life !  
'T is precious hard that you and I  
Must sweat beneath the burning sky,  
Like galley slaves, for paltry pay,  
And all because — alas the day ! —  
Of Adam's fall ! But for his sin  
And Eve's, how happy we had been ! ”  
“ True ! ” said the Peasant ; “ I believe,  
Had I been Adam, you been Eve,  
No foolish fancies would have come  
To drive us from our Eden-home ;

But all the race, this very day,  
Had in the Garden been at play !”  
The Count, their master, standing near  
(Though quite unnoticed), chanced to hear  
Their wise discourse ; and, laughing, said :  
“ Well, my good friends, suppose instead  
Of Paradise, my mansion there  
Were yours to-day ; with princely fare  
For food to eat and wine to drink,  
Would that content ye, do ye think !”

“ Ah ! that were Paradise indeed !  
What more,” they cried, “ could mortals need !”  
“ Well, we shall see,” the Count replied ;  
“ But that your virtue may be tried,  
Remember, on the table, served  
With many a dish, there ’s one reserved ;  
Partake of every one you see  
Save that, which (like the Fatal Tree)  
Just in the centre I will place.  
Beware of that ! lest Adam’s case  
Should be your own, and straight you go  
Back to your sickle, rake, and hoe !”  
Soon to the castle they were led,  
And by a table richly spread,

As for a bacchanal carouse,  
Behold the Peasant and his spouse !  
“ See ! ” said the woman, “ what a treat !  
Far more, I ’m sure, than we can eat ;  
With such excess we well may spare  
The dish that ’s in the centre there ! ”  
“ Who cares for that ? ” the Peasant said ;  
( While eagerly the couple fed  
From all the plates that round them lay . )  
“ My dear ! I would n’t look that way ! ”  
“ No harm in looking ! ” said the wife ;  
“ I would n’t touch it for my life . ”  
But in their minds, at length, there grew  
A strong desire for something new ;  
Whereat the woman said, “ I wish  
I knew what ’s hidden in that dish ? ”  
“ And, to be sure, ” the man replied,  
“ Merely to *look* was not denied ! ”  
“ And even *touching* it, ” said she,  
“ Were no great harm, it seems to me ;  
Of course, I will not lift the lid ;  
*And who would know it if I did ?* ”  
She suits the action to the word,  
When from the dish a little bird

(The Count had sily hidden there) /  
Came rushing forth into the air,  
And through the open window flew ;  
And so it was the master knew  
What they had done. “Away !” he said ;  
“Back to the field and earn your bread  
As you were wont, — and ne’er complain  
Of Adam and of Eve again !”

## THE LITTLE GLASS SHOE.

A NORTHLAND FAIRY TALE.

“Ho ! ho ! ha ! ha ! — what is it I view ?”

John Wilde, the ploughman, cried,  
As he hit his foot on a little glass shoe

That lay on the mountain-side ;

“Some fay has lost it, there ’s never a doubt,  
And ah ! how lucky for me !

The owner will soon be roaming about  
To find where his shoe may be.

And so,” said John, “I ’ll carry it home,  
That ’s just what I will do,

And he will pay me a pretty sum

Who buys this little glass shoe !”

And he spread the story far and near,  
For many a mile around,

That the fairy folk might surely hear  
    Who the little glass shoe had found.  
And soon to John a merchant came,  
    Who said he had heard the news ;  
And would the ploughman sell the same  
    To a dealer in little glass shoes ?  
And he offered John a pretty price  
    For the shoe that he had found ;  
But John replied it was much too nice  
    To go for a hundred pound ;  
Then the merchant offered a hundred more,  
    But the ploughman still said, " Nay ;  
The man who buys my shoe," he swore,  
    " Will dearly have to pay.  
There 's not so pretty a shoe on earth  
    To cover a lady's toes ;  
And then I happen to know its worth  
    Far better than you suppose.  
The shoe is one of wondrous price  
    (That nobody can deny),  
And yet, perchance, there 's some device  
    May serve the shoe to buy.  
If you are able to show me, now,  
    When I am ploughing my field,



That every furrow behind my plough  
A shining ducat may yield, —  
Why, then to you the shoe I'll give,  
Else I will keep it myself, —  
For an ornament, as long as I live,  
To grace my mantel-shelf!"

And so it was the fairy bought  
( 'T was he in a merchant's guise ! )  
His own glass shoe, and, quick as thought,  
Away to his home he hies.  
And off went John, with much delight,  
As fast as he could go,  
By trial to prove that very night  
If the charm would work or no.  
And he found the fairy's word was true,  
As he promised in the trade ;  
For a shining ducat came to view  
In every furrow he made !  
And again next morning off he went —  
Nor scarce to eat could stop —  
To plough again, — he was so intent  
To gather his golden crop.  
And so he ploughed, and ploughed, and ploughed,  
And scarce for slumber ceased ;

No wonder John was growing proud,  
So fast his wealth increased !  
And still he ploughed by day and night,  
When none were looking on,  
Till he seemed, indeed, a sorry wight,  
He grew so lean and wan !—  
And still, when none his work might view,  
He ploughed by night and day ;  
And still the more his riches grew,  
The more he pined away.  
Until, at last, his work was stopped,  
And the ploughman, where was he ?—  
Down in the furrow, alas ! he dropped,  
As dead as dead could be !

## MORAL.

Though good is gold, to have and hold,  
My story makes it clear  
Who sells himself for sordid pelf  
Has bought it much too dear !

## THE ROSE AND THE FAIRY.

AN ORIENTAL TALE.

A TINY Fairy, of the sort  
Who love in flowery fields to sport,  
One dewy eve espied a *Rose*  
So fair and fragrant, straight he goes  
And nestles in her bosom ; dips  
Deep in her leaves his elfin lips,  
And sucks the virgin honey thence ;  
Regaling thus his dainty sense  
Of taste and odor rare, until  
The Sybarite has drunk his fill !  
“ Sweet blossom ! ” sighed the grateful Fay,  
“ Thy bounty I would fain repay.  
The fairest flowers that deck the field  
Or garden, all to thee must yield

In loveliness ; but that the Queen  
Among her subjects may be seen  
E'en in the dark and envious night  
(That hides thy beauty from the sight),  
This little *Lantern* shall be thine  
To show, at night, thy form divine !”  
With modest thanks the *Rose* receives  
The *Glow-worm's* light upon her leaves,  
Then turns to list a thrilling lay  
That witch'd her maiden heart away !  
For *Philomela* filled the grove,  
Just then, with such a song of love  
For “ *Rosa*, fairest of the fair,”  
The maid was won, ere half aware  
The singer, while he bent to bless  
The trembler with a soft caress,  
Had snatch'd her lamp, — the rogue ! and gone  
And left her in the dark — alone !

## L'ENVOI.

The *Glow-worm* lantern (we are told  
By wise expositors) is *gold* ;  
Which serves to set in fairest light  
The charms that else were lost to sight.

Moreover, it is plain to see  
The cunning *Nightingale* is he,  
The smooth-tongued knave, whose wicked art  
For lucre cheats the loving heart,  
That, like poor *Rose*, is doomed to prove  
How *Craft* may feign the voice of *Love*!

## THE TWO SPARROWS.

FROM THE FRENCH.

Two sparrows, votaries of Love,  
The Mars and Venus of the grove,  
Had been, for years, such constant mates,  
You would have sworn the very Fates  
Were impotent to break the bond  
That joined a pair so true and fond.  
Together still they sought their food ;  
Together played in field or wood ;  
Together built the cosey nest  
That served for shelter and for rest ;  
Together fought the feathered foes  
With whom they came to words or blows ;  
In fine, they lived, as lovers ought,  
Without a single selfish thought,

Save such as might concern the twain,  
Their mutual joy or mutual pain.

At last, one day, they chanced to get  
Their feet entangled in a net,  
(A vagrant boy had spread the snare  
To catch and keep the pretty pair !)  
And soon, despite their noisy rage,  
They both were prisoned in a cage ;  
Where — much I grieve the tale to tell —  
A sorry scandal now befell :  
They scold, recriminate, and fight,  
Like arrant foes, from morn till night ;  
Until, at length, the wretched birds  
In cruel acts and bitter words  
The very furies emulate, —  
And all their love is turned to hate !

## L'ENVOI.

Full many a couple come to strife  
And hatred in connubial life,  
Whose days of courtship promised fair  
As those of this unhappy pair ;  
But, like the sparrows in my tale,  
When trouble comes, their tempers fail ;

They blame each other for the fate  
Which both should strive to mitigate ;  
With patience helping to endure  
The ills that kindness fails to cure !



## LOVE AND CARE.

AN ALLEGORY.

A YOUTH was travelling on a summer's day,  
When suddenly a stranger  
Appeared before him, saying, "Sir, your way  
Is rough and full of danger ;

"And I — you've heard of me ; my name is *Care* —  
Intend, for your protection,  
To dog your steps, and watch you, everywhere,  
With keen but kind inspection !"

A surly wight he seemed ; and so the lad,  
Who wished not his assistance,  
Stept off with quickened pace ; while, slow and sad,  
*Care* followed at a distance,

And soon the youth espies along the way,  
    Tripping in wanton measure,  
A dashing damsel, very fine and gay ;  
    Her name (she said was *Pleasure*.

“Come ! follow me !” the merry maiden cried,  
    With peals of silver laughter ;  
“I will, — I will !” the joyful youth replied,  
    And gayly followed after.

Alas ! she led him such a crazy dance,  
    He presently grew tired, —  
And stopt, at length, — unwilling to advance  
    Through paths so much bemired.

To *Pleasure's* ways no longer now inclined,  
    He offered small resistance  
When *Care* came up (for he was close behind)  
    And tendered his assistance.

But soon escaping from his hated guide,  
    He spied a pensive maiden  
Of wondrous beauty, — by a fountain's side, —  
    With sprigs of myrtle laden.

“O *Love!*” he cried, (for truly it was she!)

“I beg your kind endeavor  
From this detested *Care* to set me free,  
And keep me so forever!”

“Nay!” said the maid; “and yet my votaries swear,  
My charms are so beguiling,  
That in my cheering presence even *Care*  
Has got a trick of smiling!”

## DEATH INSURANCE.

### A FABLE.

A MOUNTEBANK whose life displayed  
Uncommon genius in the trade  
Of getting much while giving naught  
(Except a deal of knavish thought),  
Gave out through all the country round  
That he the magic art had found  
Of teaching Eloquence to all  
Who chose to pay, (the fee was small!)  
Indeed, the rogue declared, his plan  
Would educate the dullest man,  
Nay, e'en a horse or ox or ass,  
Till he in speaking would surpass  
Immortal Tully ! and would show  
All modern arts that lawyers know,

Besides, to grace a brilliant speech.

“ All this I undertake to teach  
The merest dunce, — or else,” he said,  
“ The forfeiture shall be my head ! ”

Of course sō marvellous a thing  
Soon, through the courtiers, reached the king ;  
Who, having called the charlatan  
Into his presence, thus began :  
“ Well, Sir Professor, I have heard  
Your boasts, and take you at your word.  
Between us be it now agreed  
That to my stable you proceed  
At once, and thence a donkey take,  
Of whom — ’t is bargained — you shall make  
An orator of fluent speech ;  
Or, failing thus the brute to teach,  
You shall be hanged till you are dead ! ”  
“ A bargain, Sire ! ” the fellow said ;  
“ And ten years’ time shall be allowed ;  
It is but fair.” The monarch bowed.  
“ And now my fee be pleased to pay ! ”  
Then takes the gold and goes away.

A courtier whom he chanced to meet,  
A fortnight later, in the street,

Began the fellow to deride  
About his bargain, — “Faith !” he cried,  
“ A fine agreement you have made !  
I mean to see the forfeit paid ;  
The art of rhetoric to teach,  
Of course you ’ll make a gallows-speech !”  
“ Laugh as you may, my merry man !”  
Replied the cunning charlatan ;  
“ Although my wisdom you may flout,  
I know quite well what I ’m about.  
If in the years allotted I,  
The king, or ass, should chance to die,  
Pray, don’t you see, my giddy friend,  
The bargain finds a speedy end ?  
My *fee* was but a *premium* paid  
To one in the insurance trade.  
Of one or other of the three  
Ten years are pretty sure to see  
The epitaph, — as chances fall ;  
I take the hazard, — that is all !”

## THE CADI'S STRATAGEM.

### A TURKISH TALE.

A pious widow's cottage chanced to stand  
Hard by the *Calif's* palace ; and he sought,  
For his own use, to buy her bit of land :  
But all in vain, — the land could not be bought.

“ It was my husband's home,” the woman said,  
“ Who, dying, left it to his loving wife ;  
Here will I dwell, in honor of the dead,  
Nor with it part until I part with life ! ”

The haughty *Calif's* anger knew no bound,  
That thus the dame withstood him to his face ;  
By force he razed her cottage to the ground,  
And built a grand pavilion in its place.

Straight to the *Cadi*, then, the widow goes,  
And asks for justice at his Honor's hand :  
"Leave me awhile," the *Cadi* said, and rose ;  
"Allah is great, and hears your just demand."

Then with an empty sack, he took his way  
To the pavilion, where he chanced to meet  
The *Calif* at the door. "Great Sire ! I pray  
A little of the earth beneath your feet ;

"Enough to fill," the *Cadi* said, "this sack."  
"T is granted !" said the *Calif*, laughing loud.  
"Now, please to put the load upon my back,  
Most potent Prince !" — and reverently bowed.

"Nay," said the *Calif*, "I should surely fail  
Should I essay to lift a load so great ;  
For such a task my strength would not avail ;  
A porter would be crushed beneath the weight !"

"Prince of Believers !" said the *Cadi*, then ;  
"If this be even so, how wilt thou fare  
In the great day of final judgment, when  
The weight of *all this land* thou hast to bear ?"



The *Calif*, stricken with remorse, exclaimed,  
“Allah is Allah! — be his name adored!  
For wit and wisdom thou art justly famed;  
This day shall see the widow’s land restored.

“And for the wrong I did the woman’s land,  
In tearing down her house, I thus atone:  
This fine pavilion in its place shall stand;  
For, with the soil, the building is her own!”

## THE KING'S ASTROLOGER.

### A HISTORICAL INCIDENT.

Few hearts, however brave they may appear,  
Are wholly free from superstitious fear ;  
Thirteen at table, or the salt upset,  
A broken looking-glass, — have served to fret  
With anxious boding many a mind too proud  
Its secret terrors to confess aloud.  
A veteran soldier has been known to quail  
At the white phantom in a nursery-tale ;  
Or list the “ death-watch,” by the evening fire,  
With fears that roaring guns could not inspire,  
Though *Science* sought his quaking nerves to rule,  
And calm-eyed *Reason* called the trembler “ fool ! ”  
And many a monarch, boastful of his power,  
And proud to make his slavish minions cower

Beneath his royal frown, has been himself  
The humblest slave of some imagined elf  
Begot of Superstition's baleful night ;  
Some wicked gnome or diabolic sprite,  
Malicious fairy or vindictive "wraith,"  
Who, seeking to avenge man's broken faith  
Or haughty scorn, sets all his plans awry,  
Or blasts his harvests with an "evil eye !"

When Louis the Eleventh ruled in France,  
His favorite Astrologer, by chance,  
Or by predicting some unwelcome thing  
Concerning state-affairs, displeased the king  
So much, the angry monarch (Rumor saith)  
Resolved to put the hated seer to death ;  
So, summoning the man, with this intent,  
He mockingly demanded what it meant  
That *he* who knew the mysteries of Fate,  
And how of others' death to fix the date,  
Should be so ignorant about his own ?  
The Seer, divining from his sneering tone  
The monarch's purpose, answered, " I foresee,  
Your Majesty, when that event will be ;  
My death will happen (so my Star assures)  
*Three days — precisely — in advance of yours !*"

What was the monarch's answer? The report  
Tells only this, that in the royal court  
The Scer thenceforth was safely lodged, and there  
To his life's end received the kindest care!

## NO ADMITTANCE.

### AN ORIENTAL TALE.

A WEALTHY Syrian — Abdallah by name —  
Fell ill and died ; and when his spirit came  
Before the gate of heaven, the angel there  
(Who stands with awful and majestic air  
To guard the Elysian portal) softly said,  
“ Whence comest thou ? ” The Syrian bowed his head,  
And answered, “ From Aleppo.” “ Very well, —  
What wert thou ? ” asked the heavenly sentinel.  
“ A merchant.” “ True ; but tell me all the rest,”  
Replied the angel, “ all, — the worst and best ;  
From me — reflect — no act can be concealed ! ”  
Whereat the merchant all his life revealed,  
And nothing hid of aught that he had done :  
How he had sailed beneath the Indian sun,

In quest of diamonds, and for yellow gold  
To Northern Asia ; how he bought and sold  
By the Red Sea, and on the wondrous Nile,  
And stormy Persian Gulf ; and all the while  
Had bravely striven to keep his conscience clear,  
Though always buying cheap and selling dear,  
As merchants use, — “ And so I throve amain,”  
He said, “ for many a year, — nor all in vain  
For public benefaction, since I gave  
Freely for charity, — content to save  
Enough for me and mine, — a handsome store, —  
And that is all.” “ Nay, there is something more,”  
The angel said. “ Of thy domestic life  
Thou hast not spoken, — hadst thou not a wife ? ”  
“ Yes,” said the Syrian, with a sigh that spoke  
Of many a groan beneath the marriage yoke.  
Whereat the angel said, “ By God’s rich grace,  
Come in, poor suffering soul ! and take thy place  
Among the martyrs, and give Heaven thanks ! ”  
Now, as he entered the celestial ranks,  
Another soul approached the golden door,  
Who, having heard all he who came before  
Had spoken, and observed him entering in  
The open portal, thought himself to win

Easy admittance ; for when he had told  
His history, like the other, he made bold  
To add, “ All this, Good Angel, is most true ;  
And, as for wives, I ’ve had no less than two ! ”  
“ Twice married ! ” said the angel, with a face  
Of wrath and scorn, — “ unfortunates have place  
In heaven’s blest mansions ; but, by Reason’s rules,  
(So get thee hence !) there is no room for fools ! ”

## THE STRAY CAMEL.

AN ARABIAN TALE.

A CAMEL-DRIVER, who had lost  
His camel, chancing to accost  
A wandering Arab in the way,  
Said, "Sir ! my beast has gone astray ;  
And went, I think, the road you came."  
"Pray," said the stranger, "was he lame ?"  
"He was, indeed !" was the reply.  
"And, tell me, had he lost an eye ?"  
"'T is even so !" "And one front tooth ?"  
"In faith ! — you speak the simple truth !"  
"And, for his load, was there a sack  
Of honey on the camel's back ?"  
"There was, indeed ! — now tell me, pray,  
(Of course he can't be far away,)



Just when and where the brute you passed ;  
And was he going slow or fast ? ”

“ Faith ! ” said the stranger, “ on my word,  
I know no more than I have heard  
From your own lips ! Nor in my way  
Have I observed, for many a day,  
A camel like the one you claim ;  
I swear it, in the Prophet’s name ! ”

The camel-driver all in vain  
Besought the Arab to explain ;  
He still insisted, as before,  
That of the beast he knew no more  
Than from the owner he had heard.  
Whereat the camel-driver, stirred  
With wrath, expressed his firm belief  
This knowing Arab was a thief ;  
Then to the *Cadi* off he went,  
And told the tale. His Honor sent,  
And brought the stranger into court.  
“ You hear this worthy man’s report,”  
The *Cadi* said, “ of what occurred ;  
And still you answer not a word,  
Save that his beast you never saw.  
Allah is great ! and law is law !

How know you, then, that he was lame?"

"By this,—that where the camel came,  
Upon the sand one footprint lagged,  
Which showed one foot the camel dragged."

"'T is well explained; now tell me why  
You said the camel lacked an eye?  
And from his jaw one tooth had lost?"

"By this,—that nowhere had he crossed  
The road to browse the other side;  
And, furthermore, I plainly spied  
Where'er his teeth had chanced to pass,  
A narrow line of standing grass,  
Which showed, as clear as truth is truth,  
The camel had one missing tooth!"

"And how about the honey?" "Well,—  
It surely was n't hard to tell  
The nature of the camel's load,  
When, gathered all along the road,  
A thousand bees —" "There, that will do,"  
The *Cadi* said; "the case is through  
And you're discharged! But let me hint,  
(A lesson plain as any print,)  
A deal of trouble may arise  
At times from being overwise!"

## THE FIVE KNAVES.

### AN ORIENTAL TALE.

ONCE on a time, in Indostan,  
A thief conceived a cunning plan  
(So potent is the voice of Hope)  
To save his throttle from the rope,  
Though now the day was drawing nigh  
When he by law was doomed to die.  
He bade the jailer tell the King  
He fain would show a wondrous thing, —  
A precious secret fairly worth  
The ear of any prince on earth.

And now the culprit, being led  
Into the royal presence, said,  
“This golden coin which here you see,  
If planted, will become a tree

Whose fruit, increased a hundred-fold,  
Will be — like this — the purest gold.  
I pray your Majesty to try  
If this be true before I die.”  
With this, the King and courtiers went  
Into the garden with intent  
To plant the curious coin of gold ;  
But now, when all was ready, “ Hold ! ”  
Exclaimed the thief, — “ this hand of mine  
Would surely spoil our whole design.  
The hand that plants the gold must be  
(Else all is nought) entirely free  
From stain of fraud ; and so I pray  
Your Gracious Majesty will lay  
The seed in earth.” “ Yes, — no, — in sooth — ”  
The King replied, “ for in my youth  
I pilfered from my sire ; some stain,  
For all my sorrow, may remain.  
My good Prime Minister is here ;  
His hand, no doubt, is wholly clear  
Of any taint.” “ Nay,” he replied,  
“ That ’s more than I can well decide ;  
As Tax-Receiver — now — I may  
Have kept a trifle. So I pray

To be excused, for prudence' sake,  
And let our Commissary take  
The coin in hand. Sure that were best ;  
For he, no doubt, can stand the test."  
"Faith !" said the Commissary, "I  
Would rather not. I can't deny  
My good intent ; but since I pay  
Large sums of money every day  
For soldiers, sailors, and a herd  
Of spies, — I would n't give my word  
I have not kept a small amount,  
Not entered in my book account.  
Since any error — e'en the least —  
Would spoil the charm, pray let the *Priest*  
Proceed to plant the coin of gold."  
"Nay, that I fear were over-bold ;  
Despite my prayers and pious zeal,"  
Replied his Reverence, "I deal  
In tithes and sacrificial dues ;  
And so I beg you will excuse  
My sharing in a work like this  
Where nothing must be done amiss."

"Faith !" said the thief, "since no man here  
(As we have learned) is wholly clear

Of knavish tricks, I ask you whether  
We should not all be hung together ? ”

The monarch, laughing, made reply,  
“ Why, yes, if every rogue must die !  
Well, since we five are knaves confest,  
I pardon you, — and spare the rest ! ”

## THE AMBITIOUS VINE.

AN APOLOGUE OF THE ALGIC INDIANS.

A VINE that stood beside a thriving Oak  
Grew weary of the labor  
Of self-support, and thus she plainly spoke  
Unto her stronger neighbor :—

“I prithee bend your handsome trunk to me,  
My noble forest-brother ;  
That, mutually embracing, we may be  
Supporters of each other.”

“Nay,” said the tree, “I was not made to bend ;  
I’m strong and self-reliant,  
As oaks are wont, — but you, my pretty friend,  
Are twenty times as pliant !

“So clasp your slender arms around me, dear ;  
And we will grow together,  
High as yon azure cloud, nor ever fear  
The roughest wind or weather !”

“Nay, nay,” replied the foolish Vine, “I hate  
To seem so much your debtor :  
*You* do the twining, now, and *I*’ll be straight ;  
I’d like it vastly better !”

“Nature wills otherwise,” the Oak replied,  
“However you may grumble ;  
The moment such a silly plan were tried,  
Together we should tumble !

“Come you to me ; and, taking Nature’s course,  
We’ll keep our proper places :  
I to the twain will give my manly force,  
And you your maiden graces.

“But if, perverse, you try to live alone,  
With none to hold and cherish  
Your slender form, before you’re fairly grown,  
You certainly will perish.



“ Or if, instead of fondly clinging fast  
To *one* who would protect you,  
You flirt with others, — all the trees at last  
Will scornfully reject you.”

“ I see, — I see ! ” exclaimed the musing Vine,  
“ The weaker must be nourished ” ;  
Then clasped the Oak with many a graceful twine,  
And so they grew and flourished !

## THYRSIS AND AMARANTH.

THYRSIS, enamored of a maid, —  
Fair Amaranth, — a trick essayed  
To test the way her fancy ran ;  
And thus the simple swain began :  
“ O Amy ! if you only knew,  
And, like myself, could feel it too,  
A certain malady that harms  
Young fellows, while it sweetly charms,  
I ’m sure you ’d wish your gentle breast  
Were of the same disease possest.  
Its name you may have chanced to hear ;  
Pray let me breathe it in your ear, —  
’T is LOVE ! my darling ! — that ’s the word ! ”  
“ ’T is one,” quoth she, “ that I have heard,

And think it pretty ; pray reveal  
Exactly how it makes you feel ;  
And tell me plainly all the signs  
By which its presence one divines."

" Ah !" said the boy, " its very woes  
Are ecstasies ! — the patient goes  
With laggard step and longing looks,  
And murmurs love to babbling brooks,  
And all the while, in every place,  
Sees naught but one bewitching face !  
There is a shepherd-lad — suppose —  
Whom some sweet village maiden knows.  
She fears to see him ; yet would she,  
If she might choose, no other see ;  
If she but hears his voice or name,  
Her cheeks are flushed with scarlet flame ;  
At thought of him she heaves a sigh,  
Yet cannot guess the reason why —"  
" Nay, — stop !" cries Amaranth, " I ween  
I know the malady you mean !  
Although I did n't know its name,  
I warrant, now, 't is just the same  
As that (I hope it is n't wrong !)  
I've felt for CLEDAMANT so long !"

## MORAL.

Poor Thyrsis ! He was not the first,  
Nor yet the latest, who has shown  
A rival's interest may be nursed  
By one who seeks to serve his own !

## A DOUBLE DISTRESS.

### A PERSIAN TALE.

THAT blessings lost, though hard to bear,  
Are light when weighed with carking care, —  
Some ill whose ever-goading spite  
Affects us morning, noon, and night, —  
*Sadi*, the Persian poet, shows  
Most humorously. The story goes —  
So sings the bard — that, on a time,  
Somewhere within the Eastern clime,  
A worthy gentleman, whose wife  
Took sudden leave of him and life,  
In deepest lamentation fell  
For the dear dame whom long and well  
The man had loved, — as well might be, —  
For she was good, and fair to see,

And crowned with every winning grace  
Of mind and soul to match her face.

What much his weight of woe increased,  
The *mother* of the dear deceased,  
A meddling beldame, old and cross,  
Remained to help him mourn his loss.  
From morn to night the vixen's tongue  
He heard, and groaned ; and still she clung  
Leech-like unto the widowed spouse ;  
For, by the daughter's nuptial vows,  
The woman said, it was agreed —  
Dared he dispute it ? — no, indeed ! —  
Her mother in the house should stay,  
A guest — unto her dying day !  
In vain the hapless man essayed  
To buy her off ; in vain portrayed  
The pleasures of a trip to Rome ;  
She still “ preferred to stay at home ! ”

One day, amidst the deafening din  
Of angry tongues, some friends came in,  
With sympathetic voice to pay  
Condolence, in the common way ;  
And, hinting at his recent loss,  
Hoped Heaven would help him bear his cross.

“Thanks !” said the mourner, with a sigh,

“My loss is great, — I can’t deny ;

But for affliction, I must say,

What God was pleased to take away

A less calamity I find

*Than what he chose to leave behind !”*

## THE TWO KINGS.

AN ALLEGORY.

WHEN mighty Jove had fashioned human kind,  
And named the earth to be their dwelling-place,  
(So in an Eastern apologue we find)  
He sent two ministers to rule the race.

He gave command to *Pleasure* and to *Pain*  
(Of heavenly, one, and one of hellish birth):  
“Henceforth, my minions, be it yours to reign  
As sovereign lords o’er all the sons of earth.”

And soon it was agreed between the twain  
A separate dominion would be best:  
The vicious only should be ruled by *Pain*;  
And *Pleasure* be the master of the rest.



A proper plan enough it seemed, at first ;  
But soon they found, despite each outward sign,  
That — save, indeed, between the best and worst —  
None less than Jove could fairly draw the line.

They found — to make discrimination nice —  
To classify the race defied their skill :  
The virtuous all had more or less of vice ;  
The vicious showed some sparks of virtue still.

The generous man was “fashed wi’ worldly lust” ;  
The devotee was full of saintly pride ;  
The chaste was covetous ; and none so just  
But they had still some little sin to hide.

And, looking sharply at the darker part,  
Not one among them all was wholly bad ;  
Here was a sot who had a generous heart,  
And there a thief who saved a drowning lad.

Virtue and Vice ! — how easily they trace  
The larger forms of each ; but to assign  
Their just proportion in a special case, —  
Who but the gods could safely draw the line ?

And so it was agreed (lest strife befall  
From such confusion) each, in turn, should reign :  
*Pleasure* should have dominion over all ;  
And all, at times, should feel the rule of *Pain*.

And still, as erst, they rule the human race, —  
*Pleasure* and *Pain*, — in short, alternate sway ;  
And whichsoe'er may show his regal face,  
We know his fellow is not far away !

## JUPITER AND HIS CHILDREN.

A CLASSIC FABLE.

ONCE on sublime Olympus, when  
Great *Jove*, the sire of gods and men,  
Was looking down on this our Earth,  
And marking the increasing dearth  
Of pious deeds and noble lives,  
While vice abounds and meanness thrives, —  
He straight determined to efface  
At one fell swoop the thankless race  
Of human kind. “Go!” said the King  
Unto his messenger, “and bring  
The vengeful *Furies*; be it theirs,  
Unmindful of their tears and prayers,  
These wretches — hateful from their birth —  
To wipe from off the face of earth !”

The message heard, with torch of flame  
And reeking sword, *Alecto* came,  
And by the beard of *Pluto* swore  
The human race should be no more !

But *Jove*, relenting thus to see  
The direst of the murderous three,  
And hear her menace, bade her go  
Back to the murky realms below.  
“Be mine the cruel task !” he said,  
And, at the word, a bolt he sped,  
Which, falling in a desert place,  
Left all unhurt the human race !

Grown bold and bolder, wicked men  
Wax worse and worse, until again  
The stench to high Olympus came,  
And all the gods began to blame  
The monarch’s weak indulgence, — *they*  
Would crush the knaves without delay !

At this, the Ruler of the air  
Proceeds a tempest to prepare,  
Which, dark and dire, he swiftly hurled  
In raging fury on the world !  
But not where human beings dwell  
(So *Jove* provides) the tempest fell.

And still the sin and wickedness  
Of men grew more, instead of less ;  
Whereat the gods declare, at length,  
For thunderbolts of greater strength,  
Which *Vulcan* soon, at *Jove's* command,  
Wrought in his forge with dexterous hand.  
Now from the smithy's glowing flame  
Two different sorts of weapons came :  
To *hit* the mark was one designed ;  
As sure to *miss*, the other kind.  
The second sort the Thunderer threw,  
Which not a human being slew ;  
But, roaring loudly, hurtled wide  
On forest-top and mountain-side !

## MORAL.

What means this ancient tale ? That *Jove*  
In wrath still felt a parent's love ;  
Whatever crimes he may have done,  
The father yearns to spare the son.

## NOUS ET VOUS.

### A GALLIC FABLE.

As two young friends were walking out, one day,

(So *Florian* has told,)

They chanced to see, before them, in the way

A well-filled purse of gold.

“By Jove! a pretty prize for us!” cried *Ned*;

While *Tom* with hasty hand

Was pocketing the purse. “For *us*?” he said;

“I do not understand

Your meaning, sir; for *me*, sir! that’s the word!”

(Joy beaming in his face.)

“Considering how the incident occurred,

‘*Us*’ is n’t in the case!”

“Well, — be it so!” the other made reply;

“Although ’t is hardly fair;

I am not anxious, sir, — indeed, not I,  
Your treasure-trove to share !”  
Just then, two robbers plainly they espied  
In waiting to accost  
Our travellers, — when *Tom*, a-tremble, cried,  
“ Ah ! brother, we are lost !”  
“ *We ?*” answered *Ned*. “ O, *we* have naught to fear :  
’T is *you* the rogues must face ;  
You, — *you*, my boy ! To me ’t is very clear  
‘ *We* ’ is n’t in the case !”  
And at the word away the fellow ran,  
When, rushing from the wood,  
The thieves attacked the unresisting man,  
Who, pale with terror, stood  
The while they robbed him of his precious purse,  
Too weak for flight or strife, —  
No friend to aid him — and (O sad reverse !)  
In peril of his life !

## MORAL.

So wags the world ! — where oft the selfish “ *nous* ”  
Seems fated to forget  
The time may come when e’en the humblest “ *vous* ”  
May pay a friendly debt.

The prosperous man who but himself regards,  
May chance to change his tone,  
When Fortune leaves him to his losing cards,  
Unpitied and alone !



## THE FAIRY AND THE THREE WISHES.

### AN ORIENTAL TALE.

A FAIRY of the friendly sort  
Who serve mankind as if in sport,  
Know how to wash and sweep a room  
With twirling mop and whisking broom,  
In garden work are skilful too,  
And apt in all that huswives do ;  
But if you cross them, lo ! they cease  
Their industry with strange caprice,  
Or, more perversely, quickly spoil  
The product of their former toil, —  
A fairy of this curious kind  
(Which still in merry books we find)  
Had aided long a farmer's skill  
His land to plough and plant and till,

Until the honest yeoman grew  
Not rich, indeed, but well-to-do,  
Thanks to the fairy, — nimble sprite !  
Who served his master day and night  
(For still the fay his vigils kept  
While master, man, and mistress slept),  
Until at last the vagrant mood  
That ever rules the goblin-brood  
Was his no more : he fain would dwell  
With those whom he has served so well ;  
For to the giver kindness makes  
A joy surpassing his who takes.

But now, alas ! (and hence we see  
That fays have griefs as well as we,)  
An order from the Fairy-King  
Came, with an escort, charged to bring  
The farmer's favorite, that he  
Might straight attend his Majesty  
At Land's-End ! — he would have it so,  
And so, perforce, the fay must go.  
But ere he left his rustic life,  
He bade the farmer and his wife  
Three several wishes to express.  
“Just three,” he said, “no more, — nor less,

And these will I at once fulfil,  
Whate'er, my friends, may be your will !”

The first was sure an easy task ;  
For wealth — vast wealth, of course, they ask.  
It comes ! and with it all the train  
Of ills that vex the heart and brain  
Of those who pay the taxes which  
(Beside the king's !) annoy the rich, —  
Thieves, swindlers, beggars, borrowers, all  
That plunder parlor, kitchen, hall,  
By various arts, — force, fraud, and lies !  
“Take all away !” the farmer cries ;  
“The poor are happier than they  
Who to such harpies fall a prey ;  
O, give us back, dear sprite, once more  
Contentment and our humble store.”  
Two wishes gone, — to bring the man  
And dame just where they first began !  
At thought of this they laughed outright ;  
So did the fairy (sprightly sprite !)  
But ere he went, with friendly voice,  
He helped them to a better choice :  
’T was WISDOM ! riches of the mind,  
Surpassing all that misers find

In money-bags ; abundance rare  
And void of grief and carking care ;  
Wealth — if it bear the genuine seal —  
Which none can borrow, beg, or steal !

## THE RIVAL QUEENS.

AN APOLOGUE.

A DAMASK *Rose* and a *Lily* white,  
Each lovely as ever was known,  
Grew doubly red and pale with spite  
Concerning the floral throne.

For some declared the *Lily* was queen ;  
While others, as firm as those,  
Said, “ No ! just look at her languid mien ;  
Our sovereign shall be the *Rose* ! ”

“ A queen,” said the friends of the ruddy *Rose*,  
“ The royal purple should wear ” ;  
“ A queen,” ’t was answered, “ every one knows,  
Should — like the *Lily* — be fair ! ”

The quarrel was bitter and long and loud,  
And all for battle were fain ;  
No wonder, I ween, the *Rose* grew proud ;  
No wonder the *Lily* grew vain !

And so, for many a hateful day  
And many an angry week  
They tossed their heads in a scornful way,  
And both refused to speak.

Until, one day, with the golden morn,  
The slumbering *Rose* awoke,  
And, all ashamed of her recent scorn,  
To her rival kindly spoke.

“O lovely *Lily* !” exclaimed the *Rose* ;  
“What boots it, lady, that we  
Should stand and stare like foolish foes,  
Who were wont good friends to be ?”

“Ah ! why, indeed ?” the *Lily* replied,  
As toward the other she bends  
With a graceful nod, “’T is pity that pride  
Should sever the best of friends !

“And I’ve been thinking,” the *Lily* went on,  
“That not by arrogant claims  
A true nobility best is shown,  
But in noble acts and aims.”

“And I’ve been thinking,” the *Rose* returned,  
“For all our pride of race,  
In every flower may be discerned  
Some sweet, peculiar grace.

“Though *Rose* be red, and *Lily* be fair,  
With all the charms we’ve got,  
The humblest flower in field or bower  
Hath *some* that we have not!”

## PROVIDENCE IMPARTIAL.

### A FABLE.

AN old Hellenic saw declares  
The gods, who govern men's affairs  
Impartial (grumble as we may),  
For all their favors make us pay  
According to their special worth :  
Wealth, honor, beauty, noble birth,  
Has each its price ; and still the higher  
The gift, the more the gods require !  
Hence, let not foolish pride inflate  
The seeming favorites of Fate.  
A Fir-tree, very large and tall,  
That grew beside a Bramble small,  
Was boasting of his strength and size :  
“ What houses I would make ! ” he cries ;



"While you are simply good for naught,  
Unworthy of the Woodman's thought!"

"True!" said the Bramble; "but reflect!—

If he were *here*, would you elect

(Think of his axe, and tell me, sir)

To be a Bramble or a Fir?"

## THE VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES.

“GIVE me your soldiers’ bracelets ; all  
Their splendid jewels, great and small,  
And straight your army shall be led  
Within the city walls.” So said  
*Tarpeia*, while the Sabine waits  
In siege before the Roman gates.

Whereat each soldier, filing past  
The traitress, on her body cast  
His heavy bracelet ; till at last  
The shining heap became so great,  
She fell and died beneath their weight.

Even so it fares with mortals, who  
With headlong eagerness pursue  
Ambition, pleasure, wealth, or fame ;  
The glittering prize at which they aim  
Comes often, like *Tarpeia’s* fate,  
To bruise and crush them with its weight.

## JUST ONE DEFECT.

### A PERSIAN FABLE.

WHO buys a house; however fine  
In architectural design,  
And howsoever vast and grand  
The prospect which it may command,  
May very prudently explore  
Concerning one condition more :  
So *Sadi* sings, and tells of one,  
Somewhere beneath the Persian sun,  
Who thought to buy a mansion where  
A foul-mouthed broker praised the air  
And all things else, with eager voice :  
“ You could not make a better choice,”  
The fellow bawled. “ Now, look ye here !  
I’ve lived next door this twenty year,

And know the house is fairly worth  
Ten times the price ! There 's not on earth  
A finer building ! Just inspect  
The place, and mention *one* defect ! ”  
“ Why, truly,” said the man, “ I see  
But one.” “ Indeed ! what may it be ? ”  
“ The house I should not reckon dear,  
I think, — *if yours were not so near !* ”

## LOVE AND POETRY.

### A FABLE.

#### I.

To Psyche, when her maiden heart  
Was fancy-free, the Muses went  
To teach her the poetic art ;  
But all in vain their kind intent ;  
She answered, she did not desire  
To meddle with poetic fire !

#### II.

But Cupid came, and won the maid  
(Psyche — “ the soul ” of all things good) ;  
Her husband’s teaching she obeyed,  
And caught from him the lyric mood ;  
And ever since — as all agree —  
Love is the soul of Poesy !

## REASON VERSUS CUSTOM.

### AN APOLOGUE.

ONCE on a time, a man of sterling sense  
At Fashion's whims and shams took such offence,  
He vowed, at last, that not another day  
Would he submit to her despotic sway ;  
Thenceforth, he said, do others as they might, —  
He meant, for one, to follow Reason's light !  
“ A brave resolve ! ” his laughing neighbors cried.  
“ Well, well,” he answered, “ you shall see it tried  
In practice ; thus — when Fashion disagrees  
With Reason (as in life one daily sees)  
I mean, henceforth, in all things, great and small,  
As you shall note, to follow Reason's call.”  
And so it came to pass ; from that day forth,  
He judged all things by their intrinsic worth

Or seeming fitness ; furnished his abode,  
And wore his clothes, regardless of the mode ;  
All things discarding as a foolish waste  
Which seemed discordant with the laws of taste,  
Or clearly served no profitable end ;  
Whate'er, in brief, his reason might commend  
Of old or new he took into his plan  
Of living, — like a reasonable man ;  
In Fashion's mere despite rejecting naught,  
Nor at her mere behest accepting aught  
Which Reason interdicted. Who can say  
He was not wise, or name a wiser way ?  
A scheme like this should surely prosper well ;  
But if you ask me truthfully to tell  
The sequel, — I must candidly confess  
'T was what the reader may have chanced to guess.  
With every step our bold reformer took,  
By just so much — consider — he forsook  
The common path. “The oddest man in town !”  
His neighbors said, at first — then set him down  
For “half-demented !” By and by, they vowed  
Such wild, strange actions should not be allowed ;  
The man was clearly “going to the bad.”  
At last, his dear relations proved him mad,

In open court, and shut him in a cell ;  
Where long he lived with lunatics, to tell  
His doleful tale ; and earnestly advise  
Against the foolishness of being wise  
Where folly is the mode ! — “ I tried to steer  
My course by *Reason*, and she brought me here ! ”



## THE SULTAN AND THE EX-VIZIER.

A COLLOQUY : FROM THE PERSIAN.

SULTAN. \

SINCE you turned Dervish, long ago,  
By true report your life I know,  
And high advance in wisdom's lore ;  
And much, believe me, I deplore  
The day I lost — by envious Fate —  
My good Prime Minister of State.

DERVISH.

Thanks ! gracious Sire ! the life I live  
Has more of peace than power can give ;  
Here, in my cloister, I have learned  
Contempt of rank ; and all I earned  
Of power and pelf in your employ  
Would poorly stead my present joy.

## SULTAN.

No doubt ! — and as for power and pelf,  
I 'd like a quiet life myself ;  
And yet your wisdom I would fain  
Employ to serve my realm again ;  
The truly wise are truly great,  
And such alone, should rule the state.

## DERVISH.

'T is true, your Majesty ; and yet,  
I would not pay the hateful debt :  
You call me wise ; well — be it so ;  
But being wise, I must forego  
An office which (am I too bold ?)  
A wise man would not choose to hold !

## THE TWO FRIENDS.

### A RABBINICAL TALE.

Good Rabbi Nathan had rejoiced to spend  
A social se'nnight with his ancient friend,  
The Rabbi Isaac. In devout accord  
They read the Sacred Books, and praised the Lord  
For all his mercies unto them and theirs ;  
Until, one day, remembering some affairs  
That asked his instant presence, Nathan said,  
“Too long, my friend, (so close my soul is wed  
To thy soul,) has the silent lapse of days  
Kept me thy guest ; although with prayer and praise  
The hours were fragrant. Now the time has come  
When, all-reluctant, I must hasten home  
To other duties than the dear delights  
To which thy gracious friendship still invites.”  
“Well, be it so, if so it needs must be,”  
The host made answer ; “be it far from me

To hinder thee in aught that Duty lays  
Upon thy pious conscience. Go thy ways ;  
And take my blessing ! — but, O friend of mine,  
In His name whom thou servest, give me thine !”  
“Already,” Nathan answered, “had I sought  
Some fitting words to bless thee ; and I thought  
About the palm-tree, giving fruit and shade ;  
And in my grateful heart, O friend, I prayed  
That Heaven be pleased to make thee even so !  
O idle benediction ! — Well I know  
Thou lackest nothing of all perfect fruit  
Of generous souls ; or pious deeds that suit  
With pious worship. Well I know thine alms  
In hospitable shade exceed the palm’s ;  
And, for rich fruitage, can that noble tree,  
With all her opulence, compare with thee ?  
Since, then, O friend, I cannot wish thee more,  
In thine own person, than thy present store  
Of Heaven’s best bounty, I will even pray  
That — as the palm-tree, though it pass away,  
By others, of its seed, is still replaced —  
So thine own stock may evermore be graced  
With happy sons and daughters, who shall be,  
In wisdom, strength, and goodness, like to thee !”

## PERSEVERE AND PROSPER.

### AN ARABIAN TALE.

“To the manly will there’s ever a way!”

Said a simple Arab youth;

“And I’m going to try, this very day,

If my teacher tells the truth:

He’s always saying, — the good old man, —

‘Now, please remember, my dear,

You are sure to win, whatever you plan,

If you steadily persevere!’

“I mean to try it, — upon my life!

If I go through fire and water;

And, since I wish to marry a wife,

I’ll have the Calif’s daughter!”

So off to the Vizier straight he goes,

Who only laughed at the lad;

And said him “Nay,” — as you may suppose, —

For he thought the fellow was mad!

And still for many and many a day  
He came to plead his case,  
But the Vizier only answered "Nay,"  
And laughed him in the face.  
At last, the Calif came across  
The youth in the Vizier's hall,  
And, asking what his errand was,  
The Vizier told him all.

"Now, by my head!" the Calif said,  
"'T is only the wise and great  
A Calif's daughter may ask to wed,  
For rank with rank must mate;  
Unless, mayhap, some valiant deed  
May serve for an equal claim  
(For merit, I own, should have its meed,  
And princes yield to Fame).

"In the Tigris once a gem was lost,  
'T was ages and ages since,  
A Ruby of wondrous size and cost,  
And fit for the noblest prince;  
That gem, my lad, must surely be  
Somewhere beneath the water, —

Go find it, boy, and bring it to me ;  
Then come and marry my daughter ! ”

“ And so I will ! ” the lad replied,  
And off to the river he ran ;  
And he dips away at the foamy tide,  
As fast as ever he can :  
With a little cup he dips away ;  
Now, what ’s the fellow about ?  
He ’s going to find the gem, some day,  
By draining the Tigris out !

And still he dips by day and night,  
Till the fishes begin to cry,  
“ This fellow is such a wilful wight,  
He ’ll dip the river dry ! ”  
And so they sent their monarch to say  
(A wise and reverend fish),  
“ Now why are you dipping our water away ?  
And what do you please to wish ? ”

“ I want the Ruby, sir,” he cried.  
“ Well, please to let us alone,  
And stop your dipping,” the fish-king cried,  
“ And the gem shall be your own ! ”

And he fetched the Ruby, of wondrous size,  
From out the foamy water ;  
And so the lad obtained his prize,  
And married the Calif's daughter !

## L'ENVOI.

This pleasant story was meant to teach  
That pluck is more than skill ;  
And few are the ends beyond the reach  
Of a strong, untiring will !



## LAKE SARATOGA.

### AN INDIAN LEGEND.

A LADY stands beside the silver lake.

“What,” said the Mohawk, “wouldst thou have  
me do?”

“Across the water, sir, be pleased to take  
Me and my children in thy bark canoe.”

“Ah!” said the Chief, “thou knowest not, I think,  
The legend of the lake, — hast ever heard  
That in its wave the stoutest boat will sink,  
If any passenger shall speak a word?”

“Full well we know the Indian’s strange belief,”  
The lady answered, with a civil smile;  
“But take us o’er the water, mighty Chief;  
In rigid silence we will sit the while.”

Thus they embarked, but ere the little boat  
Was half across the lake, the woman gave  
Her tongue its wonted play — but still they float,  
And pass in safety o'er the utmost wave !

Safe on the shore, the warrior looked amazed,  
Despite the stoic calmness of his race ;  
No word he spoke, but long the Indian gazed  
In moody silence in the woman's face.

“What think you now ?” the lady gayly said ;  
“Safely to land your frail canoe is brought !  
No harm, you see, has touched a single head !  
So superstition ever comes to naught !”

Smiling, the Mohawk said, “Our safety shows  
That God is merciful to old and young ;  
Thanks unto the Great Spirit ! — well he knows  
The pale-faced woman cannot hold her tongue !”

## THE IMPARTIAL JUDGE.

### A PERSIAN TALE.

To good Ben Asher — of immortal fame —  
In eager haste a worthy subject came,  
And, bowing low before the Sultan, cried,  
“Prince of Believers! who has ne’er denied  
Impartial justice to the meanest slave,  
Some fitting punishment I humbly crave  
On one who in my house has wrought a shame;  
A deed of violence I need not name  
In further speech; for, Sire! the fearful fact  
Was seen by those who seized him in the act!”  
“Go, bring him here!” the Sultan said; “but first  
Put out the lights. The villain’s face accurst  
I would not see.” Now, when all this was done,  
The Sultan, standing by, commanded one  
To seize and stab the culprit to the heart!

“Now light the lamps!” The Sultan then (apart  
To his *Vizier*, the while his hands he raised  
Devotly heavenward) said, “God be praised  
For this that I behold!” The *Vizier* asked,  
What favor Heaven had done in this, that tasked  
The Sultan’s gratitude? “I feared my son,”  
Ben Asher said, “this dreadful deed had done;  
And, meaning still that justice should prevail,  
And fearing lest my doting heart should fail,  
I durst not see the man till he was dead;  
Judge, then, my joy,” the trembling Sultan said,  
“That, looking on the wretch so justly slain,  
I find, thank Heaven! my terror was in vain!”

## THE ELEPHANT'S SERMON.

YRIARTE.<sup>1</sup>

IN olden times, when — it is said —  
The humblest of the brute creation  
(Though not in school or college bred)  
Possessed the art of conversation ;

The Elephant, as chief High-Priest,  
Of brutes the proper *ensor morum*,  
Assembled every bird and beast,  
And plainly laid their faults before 'em.

Some were of vanity accused  
(Though none by name the priest addresses),  
And some their talents had abused  
By indolence or wild excesses ;

<sup>1</sup> See note on page 269.

And some were charged with envious minds,  
And some with foolish ostentation ;  
And not a few the censor finds  
Convict of wanton depredation.

And some, the Elephant declares,  
Are basely cruel and malicious ;  
Some fail to mind their own affairs ;  
And most, in some respect, are vicious.

The faithful Hound, the trusty Horse,  
The constant Dove, the modest Linnet,  
The Sermon hear without remorse ;  
Nay, find a deal of pleasure in it !

In brief, the best of all the crowd  
Are charmed to hear the wise prelection ;  
The others frown, or rave aloud,  
Or hang their heads in deep dejection.

The Wolf and Tiger howl in wrath,  
To hear the parson's faithful chiding ;  
The Serpent hisses in his path ;  
The Worm goes wriggling to his hiding.

The Wasp and Hornet buzz their spite ;  
The Monkey mocks with hideous grinning ;  
The Fox goes sneaking out of sight,  
To wait another chance for sinning.

“ Ah, well ! ” the Elephant exclaims,  
“ Though ill enough ye seem to bear it, —  
(Remember, I have called no names ;)  
Whom the coat fits, may take and wear it ! ”

## THE CONNOISSEURS.

YRIARTE.

WITHIN a wine-vault once arose  
A quarrel — so the story goes —  
Among the Bacchanalian crowd,  
So fierce and bitter, long and loud,  
It fairly threatened broken laws,  
And bloody noses, — all because  
Two parties held conflicting views  
About the fittest way to choose  
Their beverage ! Some stoutly hold,  
“ A first-rate tap is always old ;  
At least, a thousand proofs attest  
The oldest always is the best.  
Not till the cunning spiders spin  
A million lines across the bin,  
Do men of sense imbibe the juice ;



Then, only then, 't is fit for use,  
Pure, mellow, fragrant, ripe ; in fine,  
Worthy the glorious name of *wine* !”  
The others just as roundly swear,  
“ New wine is best. Age ” (they declare)  
“ Is far more apt to mar than mend  
Good wine (whatever fools pretend)  
And then 't is oft a mere device,  
Got up by rogues to raise the price !”  
While thus with wrath that grew to rage,  
Their foolish feud the wranglers wage,  
Up-spoke a stranger, from Navarre :  
“ Cease, gentlemen ! your wordy war !  
I've tippled wine of every sort,  
Canary, Malta, Xeres, Port,  
And many a famous tap beside ;  
All brands and ages have I tried, —  
The white, the red, the old, the new,  
The good, the bad, the false, the true ;  
I've drunk in cellar, booth, and inn ;  
I've drunk from bottle, cask, and skin ;  
And if there be a judge of wine,  
To know the fair, the foul, the fine,  
In glass or bumper, cup or can, —

By jolly Bacchus ! I 'm the man !  
*Crede experto !* Take my word,  
For all the nonsense you have heard  
About the charm of 'old' or 'new,'  
'T is *trial* only tests the true !  
Old wine may still be wretched stuff,  
And new wine excellent enough  
For men or gods ! No rule on earth,  
Save *drinking*, can decide its worth.  
Give me good wine, and I engage  
I 'll not inquire about its age !"

## L'ENVOI.

In Books and Art some bid us seek  
The highest worth in the "antique" ;  
While other critics (just as wise)  
No genius but the "modern" prize :  
In judging either, I protest  
I think the toper's rule is best !

## THE ROYAL CONCERT.

YRIARTE.

THE animals once, — so the legends report, —  
To honor the *Lion*, their popular king,  
A concert proposed, in his majesty's court,  
At which all the brutes were invited to sing.

Not *all*, — I should say, as a lover of truth, —  
For somehow or other the managers missed  
The principal matter, and managed, in sooth,  
To have the best singers left out of the list !

Not a *Nightingale*, *Wood-thrush*, or *Blackbird* was in it ;  
Nay, even the *Lark* and *Canary* were slighted ;  
No mention was made of the musical *Linnet* ;  
But all of the others were warmly invited !

There was plenty of jealousy, you may be sure,  
And wrangling enough, — as is always the case  
When the cleverest *maestro* attempts to secure  
For each of his singers the properest place.

'T is settled at last ; the rehearsal is done ;  
And now for the Concert the vocalists meet,  
With no fear of failure, for every one  
What he 's wanting in talent makes up in conceit !

A couple of *Hornets* the tenor essayed ;  
The *Crickets* attempted the treble and *alto* ;  
The *basso* (of course) by a *Donkey* was brayed ;  
While to *Locusts* and *Frogs* was assigned the *con-*  
*tralto* !

The singers commence ! — but no answering cheers  
Reward their endeavors, — the audience swore  
(While some ran away and some stopt up their ears)  
That never was music so murdered before !

At this, the performers, abating their noise,  
Sought, each for himself, some ingenious excuse ;  
And straight on his fellows with vigor employs  
The fiercest reproaches and foulest abuse.

The *Frogs* said the *Crickets* were quite out of place ;

Such villanous treble they never had heard !

The *Crickets* replied by denouncing the *bass* ;

A *Donkey* sing *bass* ? — it was truly absurd !

“ ’T was the fault of the *Frogs* ! ” was the Donkey’s reply ;

“ ’T is clearly the *Hornets*’ ! ” the *Locusts* exclaim ;

The *Hornets* returned, “ ’T is a thundering lie ! ”

And on their accusers retorted the blame.

Then the King of the Beasts, who could bear it no more,

Looked down from his throne, with a growl and a grin,

And thus spoke his mind, in a terrible roar,

Which silenced at once their obstreperous din : —

“ Go ! — out of my hearing, ye ignorant crew ;

Ere it came to the trial, each impudent wight

Was boasting the wonderful things he could do ;

Quick ! out of my hearing and out of my sight ! ”

#### MORAL.

So in human affairs, when pretenders, who once

In arrogant boasting had vied with each other,

Meet a common disaster, — then every dunce

Excuses himself by accusing another !

## THE BARNYARD CRITICS.

YRIARTE.

A PIG and *Sheep* together slept  
In the same farm-yard ; and with these  
A gallant *Cock* his vigils kept, —  
Who, with his fellows, dwelt in peace.

“A pleasant sort of life is this,”  
The Porker said. “Say, Madam *Sheep* !  
Is not the highest earthly bliss  
To lie at ease, and eat and sleep ?

“For me, I think the perfect leisure  
And luxury in which we live,  
Worth more than all the active pleasure  
That men or gods have power to give !”

The woolly dame has naught to say, —  
Too meek to answer ; though she tries,  
While listening in a civil way,  
To look (in vain !) extremely wise !

But *Chanticleer*, who chanced to hear  
These sage reflections, cocked his eye,  
Gave a shrill crow his throat to clear,  
And thus to Piggie made reply : —

“A sleepy life, I must confess,  
Were very little to my taste ;  
To live — like you — in idleness,  
Of time is, sure, a foolish waste.

“To rule the roost, and strut about,  
That ’s happiness, in my belief.  
A little sleep is well, no doubt ;  
But, for one’s health, it should be brief.

“In fact, I ’ve tried it ; and I find  
One’s slumbers should be always light ;  
Sleep surely stupefies the mind,  
While watching makes it clear and bright.”

While thus they argue, loud and long,  
The patient *Sheep* has listened well ;  
But which is right and which is wrong  
Is something more than she can tell.

She little dreams the wranglers draw  
(Like other critics, great and small)  
Each from himself the narrow law  
By which he seeks to govern all !



## THE FIGHTING COCKS.

YRIARTE.

A FINE old cock — a cock renowned,  
In brief, for many a mile around  
His native farm-yard — came at length  
With a young cock to pit his strength :  
A callow chick, who fought so well,  
Despite the odds, that — strange to tell —  
The elder was compelled to yield,  
And, fairly vanquished, leave the field  
And laurel to his youthful foe,  
Who now set up a lusty crow,  
As dunghill victors always will,  
In pride of courage, strength, or skill.

All breathless with the battle's heat,  
The other sought a safe retreat,

Where thus he gave reflection tongue :  
“ Well fought — by Jove ! — for one so young !  
Give him the proper age and height,  
He ’d make, no doubt, a pretty fight ! ”

No more our philosophic bird  
With his late foe was seen or heard  
In close debate, for well he knows  
That words, at last, may come to blows ;  
And with a chick so fierce and tough,  
One trial clearly was enough !

But soon it chanced occasion lent  
A turn to give his temper vent ;  
A neighbor truculent and bold  
Despite his years (for he was old,  
And long had gloried in the praise  
Of brave exploits in former days),  
Our hero forced into a fight,  
And, rallying with all his might,  
Soon drove him fairly from the ground !

Alone at last, — he looked around,  
And seeing that the coast was clear,  
That none the monologue might hear,  
Thus to himself expressed his mind :  
“ What unexpected things we find !

For such an old historic cock  
How well he bore the battle shock !  
How venerable age appears !  
And so I spared him — for his years !”

## MORAL.

How shrewdly men contrive to hide,  
E'en from themselves, their wounded pride !

## THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE ORGAN.

YRIARTE.

A *Nightingale* who chanced to hear  
An Organ's deep and swelling tone,  
Was wont to lend a careful ear,  
That so she might improve her own.

One evening, while the Organ's note  
Thrilled through the wood, and *Philomel*  
Sat tuning her melodious throat  
To imitate its wondrous swell,

A twittering *Sparrow*, hopping near,  
Said, "Prithee, now, be pleased to state  
What from those wooden pipes you hear  
That you can wish to imitate?"

“I do not hesitate to say,  
 Whatever the stupid thing can do  
 To please us, in a vocal way,  
 That very Organ learned from *you* !

“Of all sweet singers none is greater  
 Than *Philomel* ; but, on my word !  
 To imitate one’s imitator, —  
 Can aught on earth be more absurd ?”

“Nay,” said the *Nightingale*, “if aught  
 From me the Organ ever learned,  
 By him no less have I been taught,  
 And thus the favor is returned.

“Thus to my singing — don’t you see ?  
 Some needed culture I impart ;  
 For Nature’s gifts, as all agree,  
 Are finest when improved by Art !”

## MORAL.

Whate’er the foolish *Sparrow* thought,  
 The *Nightingale* (so Wisdom votes)  
 Was wise in choosing to be taught  
 E’en by an Organ’s borrowed notes.

And hence the Student may obtain  
    Some useful rules to guide his course :  
Shun self-conceit ; nor e'er disdain  
    Instruction from the humblest source !

## THE LIZARDS.

YRIARTE.

A FAMOUS Naturalist, whose knife  
Made cruel work with insect life,  
Dissecting muscle, vein, and nerve,  
Remorseless, — with intent to serve  
The cause of Science, and no thought  
Of all the suffering he wrought, —  
Two lizards in his garden caught,  
And straight proceeded to dissect  
The biggest one, and then inspect  
The severed parts, head, tail, and skin,  
And all the mysteries within ;  
And as each part is made to pass  
Beneath his microscopic glass,  
He takes his pen, and in a book

Records each scientific look,  
For future use ; then takes his pen,  
And with his glass begins again.  
Weary at length, he stops to hear  
Remarks of friends. Some only sneer  
At what they deem mere waste of time,  
If not — for cruelty — a crime ;  
While others marvel much to learn  
(As at the glass they take their turn)  
What mighty things are lodged within  
The compass of a lizard's skin !  
While thus they talk of what the eye  
Of Science caused them to descry  
In the dead lizard, sooth to say,  
His living brother ran away !

Arrived at home, he quickly sends  
An invitation to his friends  
To come and hear what wondrous things  
From his late tour the traveller brings ;  
Then tells the story you have heard  
(Above), omitting not a word  
Of all that to his friend occurred.  
“Strange as it seems,” the lizard cries,  
“’T is true ! I saw it with these eyes !



Now if such things in us there be  
As men of Science stare to see,  
And straightway write the items down, —  
Say, shall we heed the stupid clown  
Who calls us lizards ‘vermin’? Nay!  
Whatever envious folks may say,  
We’re clearly noble. Let us claim  
The rank that suits the lizard’s name!”

## MORAL.

When keen Reviewers criticise  
The stuff that puny authors write,  
(Which worms alone should analyze,)  
They only give the fools delight,  
Who cry, “The book is surely great  
Which so much interest can create!”

## FLINT AND STEEL.

YRIARTE.

THE *Flint* and *Steel* — the story goes —  
Old friends by natural relation,  
Fell out, one day, and, like two foes,  
Indulged in bitter altercation.

“I’m weary,” said the angry *Flint*,  
“Of being beat ; ’t is past concealing ;  
Your conduct (witness many a dint  
Upon my sides !) is most unfeeling.

“And what reward have I to show ?  
What sort of payment do you render  
To one who bears each hateful blow  
That you may blaze in transient splendor ?”

“You seem to think yourself abused,”  
The *Steel* replied with proper spirit ;  
“But, say, unless with me you ’re used,  
What praise of service do you merit ?

“Your worth, as any one may see  
(For all your feeling of defiance),  
Is simply nought, unless with me  
You keep your natural alliance.”

“True !” said the *Flint* ; “but there ’s no call,  
Whate’er my worth, for you to flout it ;  
My value, sir ! may be but small ;  
But think what yours would be without it !”

## MORAL.

The writer who depends alone  
On genius, hoping to be able  
To cope with scholars fully grown,  
May profit by this simple fable.

As from the *Steel* no fire comes forth,  
Until it feels the *Flint’s* abrasion ;  
So genius is of little worth  
Without the aid of cultivation.

## THE LACE-WEAVERS.

YRIARTE.

ONCE in Madrid — the story goes —  
Between two artisans arose  
A question of such special weight,  
It held them long in grave debate,  
Though each — 't is only fair to say —  
Discussed it in a candid way,  
Unlike debaters who, in sooth,  
Care more for victory than truth.

Both men were weavers, we are told :  
One made galloons, or lace-of-gold ;  
The other lace-of-linen, fine  
At once in texture and design.  
“ Who,” said the former, “ would suppose  
That while (as everybody knows)

My lace of purest gold is wrought,  
For vastly less it may be bought  
Than yours, my neighbor, which, instead  
Of gold, is made of flaxen thread?  
Pray tell me why (*I can't divine*)  
Yours sells for thrice as much as mine?"  
"Faith!" said the other, "to my mind,  
The reason is not hard to find;  
You work in gold, and I in thread;  
If, saying so, the whole were said,  
Your lace would surely far exceed  
My lace in value. 'T is agreed!  
You work in gold; I grant it, — still  
Your best galloons show little skill  
Compared with what the eye may trace  
In my fine webs of linen lace;  
Rich workmanship, my worthy friend,  
Gives value gold can never lend!"

## MORAL.

Hence critics, who are fain to smile  
When readers praise an author's style,  
As if the matter were the test  
Of what in authorship is best,

May learn how much the writer's art,  
By style and finish may impart  
To works which else had failed to claim  
The worth that gives undying fame !

## THE SHAM LIBRARY.

YRIARTE.

ONCE, in Madrid, there dwelt a worthy man,  
And wealthy too, of whom 't was truly said  
His house — the best the architects could plan —  
Was vastly better furnished than his head !

And yet one room this splendid dwelling lacked  
A wealthy squire should have, beyond a doubt ;  
To wit, a Library, — a thing in fact  
“ No gentleman can fairly live without.”

So said a neighbor, adding his advice  
That one be built without the least delay ;  
“ And let,” he said, “ the room be large and nice ;  
By Jove ! I would n't wait another day ! ”

“Egad!” he answered, “I must find a spot  
Somewhere about the house; of course I know  
A man wants books, and books, sir, shall be got;  
If not for use, they ’re requisite for show!

“I have it now! my carpenter shall use  
What space he chooses in the northern wing;  
One sees from there the loveliest of views;  
Faith! on reflection, it is just the thing!

“I ’ll have it finished in the finest style;  
Such as may suit a gentleman’s abode;  
With doors and shelves (’t will cost a pretty pile!)  
All stained and gilded in the latest mode.

“And then I ’ll send my trusty servant *Bob*  
(An honest fellow and the best of cooks,  
And always clever at a tasty job),  
By careful measurement, to buy the books.”

But ere the work was done, from floor to shelf,  
The owner, pondering on the great expense,  
Incurred already, said within himself,  
“This room, egad! is really quite immense!



“With handsome books these cases to supply  
Will cost a sum of money rather tall !  
But since I merely aim to please the eye,  
Pray, what’s the use of *real* books at all ?

“A thousand gilded backs will do as well,  
Lettered to look like volumes all a-row ;  
Mere wooden backs in fact, but who can tell  
They are not real, I should like to know !”

So said, so done ; and now at length behold  
All things complete. With pride the owner looks  
To see — at little cost of precious gold  
His wooden cases filled with wooden books !

MORAL.

“A fool !” you say, “to spend his money so !”  
Well — not a very Solomon, indeed ;  
But wiser, sure, than they who buy for show  
The costly volumes which they never read !

## THE GOAT AND THE HORSE.

YRIARTE.

A GOAT who lent a ravished ear  
A Fiddle's harmony to hear, —  
The while unconsciously his feet  
The viol's measures gayly beat, —  
Unto a *Horse*, who near him stood,  
So rapt he quite forgot his food  
In the sweet music of the hour,  
(Such was the player's wondrous power !)  
Thus, when the witching strains were done,  
A boastful monologue begun :  
“ My honest neighbor, do you know  
Whence came the sounds that charmed us so ?  
The viol which so sweetly sings  
Owes all its music to the *Strings* ;

And those same strings — be pleased to note —  
Came from the bowels of a Goat !  
(A mate of mine you may have seen  
With me upon the village green ;  
Where, side by side, we used to play  
Through many a pleasant summer's day.)  
And who can tell, my worthy friend,  
But *I*, some happy day, may lend  
The like assistance to the art  
Which has such power to charm the heart ?”  
“ True ! ” said the *Nag* ; “ but not alone  
Are strings required to give the tone  
The viol boasts ; pray, do not I  
From my long tail the hairs supply  
With which the *Bow* so deftly brings  
The music from the stupid strings ?  
The cost to me is surely small  
(A little fright, — no pain at all).  
Then, for the pleasure that I give  
I have my payment while I live  
In conscious pride ; while you, instead,  
Must wait for yours till you are dead ! ”

## MORAL.

Some authors thus, who vainly strive  
For fame while they are yet alive,  
Write on, in hope that after death  
Their works may win applauding breath !

## THE TURKEY AND THE CROW.

YRIARTE.

A POMPOUS old *Turkey*, conceited and vain,  
As deeming himself of a lordlier breed  
Than the wandering birds of the forest and plain,  
Once challenged a *Crow* to a trial of speed.

If you e'er saw a *Crow* as he sailed through the sky,  
And noticed how lightly and swiftly he went,  
Compared with a *Turkey* attempting to fly,  
Of this notable match you will guess the event.

"I say!" screamed the Gobbler, as falling behind  
He saw his antagonist certain to win,  
"Look here! did it ever occur to your mind  
You're as black as the deuce and as ugly as sin?"

“Moreover,” he cries, “I have frequently heard  
You’re the odious tool of the treacherous Fates;  
A wicked, uncanny, Plutonian bird;  
A monster of evil whom every one hates!

“Away with yourself! it is loathsome to see  
A fowl who on carrion feeds with delight;  
From birds who are decent no wonder you flee;  
The faster, the better! — quick! out of my sight!”

The match being over, the winner replied:  
“You spoke of my *color*, — *that* is n’t the thing;  
The question, I think, which we met to decide  
Was which of the two is the fleeter of wing.”

#### MORAL.

Some critics, aware they are likely to fail  
In argument, follow a similar plan;  
The works of the author ’t were vain to assail,  
And so they endeavor to injure the *man*!

## THE BEE AND THE CUCKOO.

YRIARTE.

A BEE, whose dainty ear had grown  
Quite weary of the monotone  
Which ever from the *Cuckoo's* throat  
Repeated one unvarying note,  
At last besought the tiresome bird,  
For mercy's sake, to change the word ;  
“ 'T is ‘ *Cuckoo ! Cuckoo !* ’ all day long !  
Pray, cease your egotistic song :  
It makes me nervous, sooth to say,  
And quite unfits to work or play ! ”  
“ You call my song monotonous ?  
Well, since you choose to make a fuss  
About *my* singing, tell me why  
(Exclaimed the *Cuckoo*, in reply)

Your honey-cells you always frame  
Alike, — in size and shape the same ?  
If *I'm* monotonous, — confess  
The fault you find is yours no less !”  
“Nay !” said the *Bee*, “a thing of use  
Has in its worth a fair excuse  
For many a fault that else would be  
A hateful thing to hear or see ;  
While arts designed to please the taste  
With varied beauties must be graced ;  
And, lacking these, they serve alone  
To pain us, — like your ‘*Cuckoo*’ tone !”



## THE SILKWORM AND THE CATERPILLAR.

YRIARTE.

ONCE on a time — if tales are true —

Among the animals a movement  
Was started by the foremost few  
To aid their mutual improvement ;

A scheme was planned — whate'er the name —

To mend their physical condition ;  
And in its nature much the same  
As our “ Industrial Exposition.”

To this the tribes of every sort

And element — fur, fin, and feather —  
In friendly rivalry resort,  
And their inventions bring together.

Among a hundred useful things,  
And many more designed for winning  
Æsthetic praise, the *Silkworm* brings  
A knot of thread of home-made spinning ;

A silk cocoon ! — how soft and bright !  
All eyes are glistening with pleasure ;  
How charming to the touch and sight !  
And then, for fabrics, what a treasure !

The very *Mole* is not so blind  
But she can see the thing is pretty ;  
And “ Premium First ” declares the mind  
Of the unanimous “ Committee ! ”

At last a croaking voice is heard ;  
The *Caterpillar's*, in dissension ;  
“ Cocoons ! — a trifle — on my word !  
And then they 're not a new invention ! ”

The beasts, amazed, with one accord  
Cried, “ Who is this, whose pert decision  
Would overrule our grave award,  
And treat our judgment with derision ! ”

“I see!” said *Reynard* (cunning elf!)

“’T is Mr. *Caterpillar*, surely!

The fellow makes cocoons himself,

And thinks all others spin as poorly!”

MORAL.

When critics (would-be authors once)

Would rob true Genius of her glory,

One sees in each detracting dunce

The *Caterpillar* of my story!

## THE MONKEY-SHOWMAN.

YRIARTE.

A MONKEY who, by many a prank,  
Had served a strolling mountebank,  
And long had sought, with curious eye,  
The secret of his arts to spy,  
Grew so inflated with conceit,  
He swore that there was not a feat  
His master did, to charm the crowd,  
But *he* could do, — were he allowed  
To show his skill. So, on a day  
When Mister Showman was away,  
And *Jocko* chanced to stay at home,  
He summoned all his friends to come  
And note how surely he would raise  
The customary shouts of praise.

He made his bow, and straight began  
To play the "India-Rubber man,"  
Who in contorted shapes appears,  
And stands — at last — upon his ears !  
Next, dances on the swinging wire ;  
Then, as applauding shouts inspire  
To bolder deeds, he mounts with ease  
And safely braves the high trapeze ;  
Then takes a musket, and with skill  
Performs the Prussian soldier's drill ;  
At last — as was his master's way,  
To close the wonders of the day —  
He brings the " Magic Lantern " out,  
Darkens the room, and talks about  
The curious things that on the screen  
By watchful eyes will *now* be seen ;  
Then moves the plates of painted glass  
From side to side, and as they pass,  
Announces in a pompous speech  
The name and character of each  
Delightful scene that greets their eyes !

What *can* it mean ? — no cheers arise !  
A storm of hisses come instead,  
So fierce the frightened monkey fled,

And, having reached a safer place,  
Was told the cause of his disgrace ;  
To wit, that, while all else was right,  
His " Magic Lantern " had *no light !*

## MORAL.

How bootless are the author's pains  
Who lacks illuminating brains !

## THE OIL-MERCHANT'S ASS.

YRIARTE.

AN Ass, whose customary toil  
Was bearing heavy sacks of oil  
(The kind which often serves, at night,  
Our houses, shops, and streets to light),  
His labor over for the day,  
Straight to his stable took his way ;  
But, as he sought to enter there,  
The groping donkey, unaware,  
Against the door-hasps hit his nose ;  
Whereat his indignation rose  
To such a pitch, he roundly swore,  
(As many an ass has done before !)  
And thus, in wrath, expressed his mind :  
“ By Jove ! one might as well be blind,

As break his noddle in the dark  
For want of light ! A single spark  
Had saved my skin ; but not a ray  
My master gives to light my way.  
I, who for others daily toil,  
And fill a thousand lamps with oil,  
For lack of *one* — so justice goes ! —  
Against the door must break my nose ! ”

## MORAL.

The miser, who, to gather pelf  
For thankless heirs, defrauds himself ;  
The ignoramus, proud to show  
His gilded volumes all a-row, —  
Such men as these may we not class  
(Poor donkeys !) with the Oilman's Ass ?



## THE MONKEY-TOURIST.

YRIARTE.

A MONKEY clad in cloth-of-gold  
(So in the proverb we are told)  
Will be a Monkey still. The aim  
Of this new fable is the same ;  
Pray, listen while I tell in rhyme  
The tale how, once upon a time,  
A Monkey, drest in garments bright,  
With gaudy colors such as might  
Become a Harlequin, set out —  
To show her finery, no doubt —  
Upon her travels. In what way,  
By ship or coach, I cannot say ;  
'T is only known her journey ran  
As far abroad as Tetuan :

A country — as I understand —  
On maps set down as “ Monkey-land ” ;  
And widely famous as the place  
Where most abound the simian race,  
And where, one scarcely needs to add,  
The chattering tribes are simply clad  
In their own skins, and know no more  
Of dress than Mother Eve, before  
She ate of the forbidden fruit,  
And donned, for shame, her fig-leaf suit.

Here — as the reader may suppose —  
Our lady-tourist proudly shows,  
With many a change, her gay attire,  
Which all the natives much admire ;  
And think the wearer must possess  
A mind as brilliant as her dress,  
And, thereupon, the stranger made  
Their leader in a coming raid  
For forage, in the country round,  
Where monkey-provender was found.

Alas, the day ! her clothing proved  
An obstacle where'er she moved ;  
And when the weary day was done,  
Her gaudy garments, — every one, —

That in the morning looked so fine,  
Were strewn in rags along the line  
Through which the expedition led ;  
And she, worn out and nearly dead,  
At night was but the scoff and scorn  
Of those who hailed her "queen" at morn !

## MORAL.

A thousand instances confess  
That judging people by their dress,  
As bright or brave, is a mistake  
That men as well as monkeys make !



TRANSLATIONS AND PARAPHRASES.



## THE ORIGIN OF LOVE.

AN ALLEGORY FROM THE GREEK OF PLATO.

### I.

WHEN *Beauty* was born, a magnificent *fête*  
Was ordered to crown the auspicious event ;  
And to all the Olympians, little and great,  
And many besides, invitations were sent.

### II.

In the various throng who attended the rout,  
Was *Plenty* (of *Prudence* the favorite son),  
A rosy-cheeked god, who went strolling about  
In the garden of *Jove*, when the banquet was done.

### III.

Here, falling asleep at the close of the day,  
Miss *Poverty* saw him, — a mendicant maid,

Who chanced at the time to be passing that way,  
And entered the garden to follow her trade.

## IV.

How the damsel, at sight, fell in love with the youth,  
It is easy to guess ; though I never could learn,  
As touching another more wonderful truth,  
How she managed to waken *his* love in return.

## V.

But so it befell ; and the marriage came off  
In a manner not quite the conventional thing ;  
And *Virtue* will scold, and *Propriety* scoff  
When couples forget the connubial ring.

## VI.

The union occasioned no little surprise ;  
And gossip, of course, was exceedingly free  
With merry remark and sarcastic surmise  
As to “ what in creation the offspring would be.”

## VII.

But *Time*, the Expositor, settled the doubt  
To the perfect content of the people above ;



One sunshiny morning the secret was out ;  
The baby was born, and who was it but *Love* !

## VIII.

As the urchin grew up, it was plain to be seen  
He shared all the traits both of mother and sire :  
A singular mixture of noble and mean ;  
A deal to regret, with as much to admire.

## IX.

As the grandson of *Prudence*, the younker displayed  
A turn for intrigue and a masterful mind ;  
While, as *Poverty's* son, he as clearly betrayed  
A nature to fawning and begging inclined.

## X.

By his sire he is courtly, voluptuous, proud ;  
Abundant in hope and ambitious in aim.  
By his mother, submissive and easily cowed ;  
Suspicious, mendicous, and fearful of blame.

## THE TRAVELLER AND THE STATUE.

### A DIALOGUE.

FROM THE GREEK OF POSIDIPPUS.

#### SCENE.

A MARKET-PLACE in Athens, where are seen  
Statues of gods and goddesses, serene  
In marble majesty. Among the rest,  
A group wherein the sculptor has exprest  
Some tale, or moral homily, where these  
Symbolic shapes in stone the observer sees :  
A human figure resting on a wheel ;  
With wingèd feet ; while flowing locks conceal  
The eyes ; and yet (to make the gazer stare !)  
The head, behind, shows not a tuft of hair !  
Hard by, observe, another figure stands, —  
A maid, who seems to weep and wring her hands.  
*Enter a Traveller who, gazing, seeks*  
The Statue's meaning. Thus, at length, he speaks : —

## TRAVELLER.

Tell me, O Image ! by what sculptor's grace  
Of wondrous art thou standest in this place ?

## STATUE.

Of *Phidias* thou hast heard ; whose magic hand  
Can re-create the gods. See ! where they stand,  
*Jove, Juno, and Minerva !* He alone  
Could place me here — a homily in stone —  
Among the immortals. Yet no god am I,  
Although I claim close kindred with the sky ;  
My name, I hear, through all the world has flown ;  
As *Opportunity* to mortals I am known.

## TRAVELLER.

Tell me, O Image ! what the wheel may mean,  
On which, as a support, thou seemest to lean.

## STATUE.

The wheel thou seest, if thou dost rightly read  
The pregnant sign, denotes my rapid speed.

## TRAVELLER.

And on thy feet a pair of wings are wrought ;  
Tell me of these the cunning sculptor's thought.

STATUE.

From those my brief abiding thou may'st learn ;  
Neglected once, I nevermore return.

TRAVELLER.

And why those flowing locks that hide thine eyes ?

STATUE.

Because I 'm seldom seen save in disguise.

TRAVELLER.

But why no hair behind ? — tell me, I pray !

STATUE.

That none may seize me as I flee away !

TRAVELLER.

And who is she behind, — so sad of mien ?

STATUE.

*Repentance* is her name ; still is she seen  
To follow him, the wretch, who weakly fails  
To seize me when the timely hour avails  
For noble action. Thus she serves to teach,  
“ Be swift to seize the good within thy reach,  
Lest it be lost forever ! ” Ask no more !  
E'en while I speak, away — away I soar !

## THE KING'S GOBLET.

PARAPHRASED FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

### I.

“Ho ! every gallant knight and squire ;  
Attend !” exclaimed the king ;  
“This Golden Goblet shall be his,  
Who from this rock will spring,  
And from the dark abyss below  
The cup to me will bring !”

### II.

And at the word, from where he stood  
Upon the rocky steep,  
He cast the Golden Goblet down  
Beneath the ocean deep ;  
Far down into the black abyss  
Where roaring eddies sweep.

## III.

And thrice the king to all his men  
The proclamation made ;  
But all were mute : nor knight nor squire  
The fearful feat essayed ;  
To follow where the cup went down,  
The boldest were afraid.

## IV.

Now while in silence round the king  
They stood in grim array,  
Up came a page of handsome mien,  
A gallant youth and gay ;  
And straight he took his girdle off,  
And cast his cloak away.

## V.

And while they praised his form and face,  
And marvelled what he meant,  
Far out upon the dizzy cliff  
The gallant stripling went ;  
And there a long and steady gaze  
Into the deep he sent.

## VI.

A whispered prayer, and down he leaps  
From off the giddy height,  
Into the foaming flood below,  
Where all is black as night !  
(A hundred shouts went up to Heaven)  
And he was lost to sight !

## VII.

Then spake the bravest knight of all  
Who saw that fearful thing,  
“If thus your Gracious Majesty  
His jewelled crown should fling,  
Pardie ! I would not seek it there,  
To wear it as a king !

## VIII.

“Alas ! that one so young and fair  
Should find a watery grave ;  
In vain were mortal succor now  
The gallant boy to save !”  
But see ! — an arm is gleaming forth  
Above the foaming wave !

## IX.

'T is he ! see how his straining arms  
Obey his will's command ;  
One struggle more, — the boy is saved !  
His foot is on the land !  
And now he bows before the king,  
The goblet in his hand !

## X.

" Here, daughter ! fill the cup with wine !"  
The king exclaimed aloud ;  
Whereat a damsel, young and fair,  
In filial duty bowed ;  
And soon returned the brimming cup,  
Before the smiling crowd.

## XI.

" Long live your gracious Majesty !"  
He said, and drank the wine ;  
" And may no mortal ever dare  
A deed so dread as mine ;  
Nor brave the monsters that I saw  
Beneath the foamy brine !



## XII.

“Ah, me! to think of all I saw;  
It fills me now with dread!  
The horrid sharks and dragons huge  
That in the sea are bred;  
And serpents vast that coil and crawl  
Within their slimy bed.

## XIII.

“The goblet hung upon a crag  
Far down as I could dive;  
I know not how I got me thence,  
Though fiercely I did strive;  
But God is good, and heard my prayer,  
And here I stand alive!”

## XIV.

“The cup is thine!” the monarch said;  
“And thou hast earned it dear;  
But thou shalt have this costly ring,  
(A diamond large and clear!)  
To dive again, and further bring  
What thou shalt see and hear!”

## XV.

“Nay, father!” — thus the maiden spoke, —  
“This cruel play forbear ;  
And let some hardy knight of thine  
The page’s honor share ;  
Already has the boy achieved  
What not a man did dare !”

## XVI.

’T was then the monarch seized the cup  
And threw it in the sea ;  
“Go ! fetch it up !” he cried, “and thou  
A knight of mine shall be ;  
And this my daughter, weeping here,  
I ’ll make her wife to thee !”

## XVII.

One glance upon the beauteous maid ;  
One look of inward pain ;  
One supplicating prayer to Heaven,  
And down he dives again,  
To follow where the goblet fell,  
Beneath the raging main !

## XVIII.

Long — long they gaze with anxious looks ;  
In vain their eyes explore  
The dashing waves beneath the rock,  
Where sullen breakers roar ;  
Alack, alack, — he comes not back !  
The boy is seen no more !

## THE GOLDSMITH'S DAUGHTER.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

### I.

UP spoke the Goldsmith proudly  
Unto his daughter fair :  
“ Ah ! here are pearls and diamonds,  
And rubies rich and rare ;  
But none with thee, my Helen,  
In beauty can compare ! ”

### II.

In came a knight so gayly,  
A youth of noble mien ;  
With “ I would have a garland,  
The finest e'er was seen :  
Spare neither cost nor labor ;  
’T is for my bridal queen.”

## III.

The work is done ; and Helen  
Cried, " Lucky bride is she  
Who wears this splendid garland !  
Ah ! would he give to me  
A simple wreath of roses,  
How happy I should be ! "

## IV.

" 'T is well," the knight made answer,  
When he the wreath had seen ;  
" Now make a ring with diamonds  
And of the purest sheen :  
Spare neither cost nor labor ;  
'T is for my bridal queen."

## V.

The work is done ; and Helen  
Cried, " Lucky bride is she  
Who wears this blazing circlet !  
Ah ! would he give to me  
One of his golden tresses,  
How happy I should be ! "

## VI.

"'T is well," the knight made answer ;  
Then to the maid he cried,  
"I fain would have these jewels  
On thee, a moment, tried ;  
That I may judge the surer  
If they become my bride."

## VII.

And soon her blushing forehead  
Was with the garland graced ;  
And then upon her finger  
The knight, in loving haste,  
The ring of gold and diamonds  
In merry triumph placed.

## VIII.

"Ah ! Helen, dearest Helen !"  
The happy lover cried ;  
"For *thee* they were intended,  
My darling and my pride !  
And by these jeweled tokens  
I take thee for my bride !"

## THE GOOD DOG OF BRETTÈ.

### A GERMAN LEGEND.

#### I.

SHOULD you e'er go to Brettè, be sure you don't fail  
To look at the dog on the old city gate ;  
A poodle in marble, with never a *tail*  
Save the piteous one which the people relate  
Of a dog who was wont, in the cleverest way,  
To carry a basket whereon you might find,  
In capital letters as plain as the day,  
This plaintive petition, "Remember the Blind !"

#### II.

And thus through the city he went, it is said,  
Soliciting food that his owner might live ;  
And never himself, till his master was fed,  
Touched a morsel of aught that the people might give ;

Such a good little dog, of such talents possessed,  
In Brettè, be sure, had an excellent name ;  
And every one hastened to honor his quest,  
And treat him with kindness, wherever he came.

## III.

But once, on a Friday ('t is ever, they say,  
A day when misfortune is aptest to fall),  
As the dog went his round, in the usual way,  
He came to a butcher who mocked at his call,  
“What ! flesh on a fast day ! — you heathenish cur !  
Egad ! you shall have it ! — a nice bit of meat !”  
And, cutting his tail off, cried, “Off with you, sir !  
Take *that*, if you please, for your master to eat !”

## IV.

He went to his home, and his basket set down ;  
So stricken with grief, and so hurt in his pride,  
That he never again showed his face in the town,  
But, moaning in misery, sickened and died.  
And all through the city the story was told  
Of the beggar lamenting the loss of his mate ;  
And all through the city the young and the old —  
Men, women, and children — lamented his fate.



## V.

And now you may see on the old city gate  
His effigy standing in marble to-day ;  
Whereof the good people to strangers relate  
The piteous story I've told in my lay ;  
And the origin, hence, you will readily learn  
Of the saying, repeated in country and city,  
When kindness receives an ungrateful return,  
“He fares — the poor man! — like the poodle of  
Brette!”

## THIRTEEN AT TABLE.

BÉRANGER.

### I.

I SPILT the salt, one day, — and, worse,  
“Thirteen at table! Sure, some curse  
Is in the omens! Such the way  
That Death gives warning, — so they say.”  
Scarce had I spoken, when a sprite,  
Young, handsome, joyous, met my sight;  
Whereat I cried, “Friends! be of cheer!  
I’ve looked on Death, and do not fear!”

### II.

A gay, invited guest she seemed;  
With fairest flowers her forehead gleamed;  
A rainbow arched her head around;  
A broken chain was on the ground;

And, sweetly nestling on her breast,  
A sleeping baby lay at rest.

Fill up, my friends ! — no danger 's near ;  
I 've looked on Death, and do not fear !

## III.

“ Why tremble ? ” said the spirit, — “ why ?  
Sister of Hope, Heaven's daughter I !  
From weary necks I lift the yoke ;  
I touch the slave, — his chain is broke ;  
To man — fallen angel — I restore  
The seraph wings he had of yore ! ”

“ O maid ! ” I cried, “ thou 'rt welcome here !  
I 've looked on Death, and do not fear ! ”

## IV.

“ By me released from carnal thrall,  
The soul, beyond this earthly ball,  
Shall range in yonder azure clime,  
In spacious fields and paths sublime ;  
But here, oppressed by fleshly woes,  
Ah ! little joy the spirit knows ! ”

A bumper to that higher sphere !  
I 've looked on Death, and do not fear !

## V.

Alas ! although I bid her stay,  
The lovely vision flies away ;  
In vain we mortals wish to shun  
The rest that waits our journey done ;  
Life is a ship, mere sailors we ;  
And tide and wind are fair and free.

Thirteen ! Who cares ? God's smile is here ;  
I've looked on Death, and do not fear !

## MY BALD HEAD.

(*Mes cheveux.*)

BÉRANGER.

### I.

Good friends ! pray listen, if you please,  
To Pleasure's licensed preacher ;  
Hold fast to Liberty and Ease ;  
So says your reverend teacher.  
To laugh at Care, be gay and free,  
The precepts I advise :  
I'm bald because I'm sage, you see ;  
So listen to the wise !

### II.

Good friends ! when Care assails a man,  
To vex his soul and body,  
I think it much the wisest plan  
To drown it — in a toddy !

Nay, not too much! — the glass should be  
Of very dainty size :  
I 'm bald because I 'm sage, you see ;  
So listen to the wise !

## III.

Good friends ! these hints will stand the test,  
And should n't be neglected ;  
But what 's the good of all the rest,  
If Beauty is rejected ?  
Young Love, true Love, must ever be  
The richest earthly prize :  
I 'm bald because I 'm sage, you see ;  
So listen to the wise !

## IV.

Good friends ! believe me, only so  
We save Life's truest treasures ;  
By just condensing, as they flow,  
Youth's evanescent pleasures.  
My sermon 's done ; who lists to me  
The power of Fate defies :  
I 'm bald because I 'm sage, you see ;  
So listen to the wise !

GIRLS! PASS ALONG!

(*Passez, jeunes filles.*)

BÉRANGER.

I.

BLESS me ! what a rosy row  
Of girls at me their glances throw,  
As they gayly come and go,

    The light coquettish throng !  
Can't the darlings hear me say,  
“ I have had my youthful day ;  
*Now* I put such things away ” ?

Girls ! pass along !

II.

Ah, my Zoë ! pray desist !  
Sooth, I care not to be kissed ;  
Ask your *mother* if I list

    To Cupid's siren song.

She — but that is *entre nous* —  
Knows what Love and I can do ;  
*Her* advice you 'd best pursue, —  
Girls ! pass along !

## III.

Laura ! you would hardly guess  
How your grandam used to press  
Lips of mine — well — I confess —  
We did n't think it wrong ;  
Look ! she 's coming ! Tempt me not  
In gay saloon or shady grot ;  
A jealous eye the dame has got, —  
Girls ! pass along !

## IV.

You smiling too ! you naughty Rose !  
I wonder now if you suppose  
I 'm not aware what sort of beaux  
Around your beauty throng ?  
I know the husband-hunting crew,  
And all the pretty tricks they do ;  
I 'm old, — but much too young for you !  
Girls ! pass along !



## v.

Away, away ! you madcaps ! — fly !  
Your roguish arts why *will* you try  
To bind a graybeard — such as I —  
    With Cupid's slender thong ?  
Yet, like a powder magazine,  
My heart from flying sparks I screen,  
The sparks that shoot from wanton een —  
    Girls ! pass along !

MUCH LOVE.  
(“ *Beaucoup d'Amour.*”)

BÉRANGER.

I.

I KNOW by sages we are told  
To reckon riches vile ;  
I'm not a sage, and so of gold  
I'd like a pretty pile.  
It is not avarice ; O no !  
For Sophie's sake I'd have it so :  
O, 't is, be sure,  
*Beaucoup d'amour ;*  
Only love, — much love !

II.

And I would be a bard divine,  
Her praises to prolong ;

And link my Sophie's name with mine,  
In never-dying song ;  
Yet if I thus aspire to claim  
The poet's laurel wreath of fame,  
O, 't is, be sure,  
*Beaucoup d'amour* ;  
Only love, — much love !

## III.

And I would be a sceptred king,  
That Sophie might be seen  
With all that royalty could bring  
To grace my darling queen.  
Ambition ? No ; for her alone  
I 'd wish to sit upon a throne :  
O, 't is, be sure,  
*Beaucoup d'amour* ;  
Only love, — much love !

## IV.

Yet why, O why, would I possess  
These shining gifts of Fate ?  
For love has more of happiness  
Than fortune, fame, or state :

So let them go ; I'll not repine ;  
The sweetest treasure still is mine :

O, 't is, be sure,

*Beaucoup d'amour ;*

Only love, — much love !

## THE PUPPETS.

BÉRANGER.

### I.

OUR life is but a puppet show ;  
Men, mere mechanic factors ;  
And rich and poor and high and low,  
Involuntary actors.  
Clowns, courtiers, statesmen, serfs, and kings,  
The wicked and the pious, —  
We all are worked by secret springs,  
And move as others ply us.

### II.

And yet, vain man ! he deems his course  
Is by himself decided ;  
Because he cannot see the force  
By which his mind is guided.

But soon or later he will see  
That like his wooden brothers  
He's ever been, and still must be,  
A puppet, ruled by others.

## III.

Just mark the maid of seventeen,  
When first the gentle dreamer,  
Unconscious what the mood may mean,  
Feels love's delicious tremor, —  
What secret power, unknown before,  
Can thus so sweetly sway her?  
She's but a puppet, nothing more, —  
And Cupid is the player!

## IV.

Observe yon alderman so grand,  
How shrewdly and how neatly  
His wife (the young coquette!) has planned  
To rule the man completely!  
Perhaps a spark of jealous fire  
Within the puppet lingers,  
I only know the moving wire  
Is held in madam's fingers!

## V.

And so it is with all mankind,  
The womankind befool us ;  
We 're merely puppets, deaf and blind,  
And hers the art to rule us ;  
We laugh and cry and work and play  
According to her fancies ;  
Whate'er the lady's whim may say,  
Just so the puppet dances !

## THE PRIDE OF BEAUTY.

BÉRANGER.

A GALLANT youth, whose lady-love possessed  
The rarest charms to fire the manly breast,  
Was so enamored of the beauteous maid,  
That to the Powers above — below — he prayed,  
Right fervently, to make her beauty less ;  
Nay, turn it, if they would, to ugliness ;  
That so it might be shown his constant flame,  
Despite the change, would glow for her the same.

This strange request no sooner Satan heard,  
Than, quick as thought, he took him at his word,  
And, by such arts as only Satan knows,  
The deed was done ! — away her beauty goes !  
And now before her mirror see her stand,  
No more “ the fairest lady in the land,”



But such a Hecate, such a very fright,  
She shrieked aloud, and shuddered at the sight.  
And Satan laughed ! But still the lover swore  
In very sooth he loved her as before !

“O faithful soul !” she said ; but little less  
The woman mourned her vanished loveliness.  
“My beauty gone !” the weeping damsel cried ;  
“To come to this ! Ah, would that I had died !”

In short, she wept at such a frantic rate,  
The very Fiend took pity on her fate,  
And soon was fain her beauty to restore.  
And now behold her at her glass once more,  
Handsome as Helen when, with radiant charms,  
She summoned Paris to her waiting arms :  
More beautiful, indeed, than in the hour  
She knew the demon’s disenchanting power ;  
For, while the Fiend called back her former face,  
He slyly added many a winning grace.  
“And now,” she said, “I ’m sure you love me more,  
Ay, twice as much as e’er you did before.”  
“Nay,” said the lover, “as I loved no less  
When once I saw your beauty in distress, —  
No more, my sweet, this added grace may claim  
Than my whole heart, — I love you but the same !”

“Adieu!” she said; “to me ’t is very clear  
Heaven sends us beauty but to make us dear;  
And well I see my love were thrown away  
On one so dull that he can coolly say,  
‘Who cares — not I! — how beautiful you be?  
Handsome or homely, all is one to me!’”

## LITTLE PETER THE PORTER.

DE PERTHES.

O, I AM Little Peter,  
Of faubourg La Pucelle ;  
A carrier of water,  
And messenger, as well ;  
To gain an honest living  
I 've got a clever head ;  
I seldom fill my pocket,  
But then I get my bread !

I have no land nor servants ;  
All equipage I lack ;  
These legs, they are my horses ;  
My funds are on my back.  
I take the good that 's going,  
Quite certain to be fed ;

God wills us all a living,  
And so I get my bread !

Before some stately building  
I place my little stand ;  
No Swiss you need to parley,  
The master is at hand.  
Up early in the morning,  
And late at night to bed,  
I call the day a good one  
In which I get my bread !

There goes a man of millions,  
But what is that to me ?  
Who knows but Little Peter  
Is happier than he ?  
The rich man has his troubles,  
I often hear it said ;  
He can but eat his mutton,  
And I — I get my bread !

I've heard my worthy uncle,  
Before his sad decease,  
Declare no man is wretched  
Whose stomach is at peace ;

And should these fine days vanish,  
And dark ones come instead,  
The neighbors love poor Peter,  
And I shall get my bread !

## THE HEN AND THE HONEY-BEE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GELLET.

A LAZY *Hen*, — the story goes, —  
Loquacious, pert, and self-conceited,  
Espied a *Bee* upon a rose,  
And thus the busy insect greeted :

“ Say, what ’s the use of such as you,  
(Excuse the freedom of a neighbor !)  
Who gad about, and never do  
A single act of useful labor ?

“ I ’ve marked you well for many a day,  
In garden blooms and meadow-clover ;  
Now here, now there, in wanton play ;  
From morn to night an idle rover.

“While I discreetly bide at home,  
A faithful wife, the best of mothers,  
About the fields you idly roam,  
Without the least regard for others.

“While I lay eggs, or hatch them out,  
You seek the flowers most sweet and fragrant,  
And, sipping honey, stroll about,  
At best a good-for-nothing vagrant !”

“Nay,” said the *Bee*, “you do me wrong ;  
I ’m useful too ; perhaps you doubt it,  
Because — though toiling all day long —  
I scorn to make a fuss about it !

“While you, with every egg that cheers  
Your daily task, must stop and hammer  
The news in other people’s ears,  
Till they are deafened with the clamor :

“Come now with me, and see my hive,  
And note how folks may work in quiet ;  
To useful arts much more alive  
Than you with all your cackling riot !”

## L'ENVOI.

The *Poet*, one may plainly see  
Who reads this fable at his leisure,  
Is represented by the *Bee*,  
Who joins utility to pleasure ;  
While in this self-conceited *Hen*  
We note the Poet's silly neighbor,  
Who thinks the noisy " working-men "  
Are doing all the useful labor !



## EPIGRAMS.

FROM THE LATIN OF MARTIAL.

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### MAIDEN MANNERS.

(AD FLACCUM.)

“WHICH like you best,” my friend inquires,

“A maid extremely bold or shy?”

No man of sense, I think, admires

A leering or a lowering eye.

For me, the *juste milieu* I seek;

I fain would leave alone

The girl who rudely slaps my cheek

Or volunteers her own!

### IN FAVOR OF MAKING NEW FRIENDS.

(AD FUSCUM.)

You, worthy man, whose noble life commends

Your generous heart and gives you many friends,

If in your breast a place there yet may be  
For one friend more, O, give that place to me !  
Reject me not because I am not proved ;  
Till they were known, not one of all was loved ;  
New as I am, — the trial fairly past, —  
I'll prove, perhaps, "a good old friend," at last !

ON A NIGGARDLY FELLOW.

(AD CÆCILANUM.)

A wealthy old fellow whose table was bare  
Of meats that were less than a week or two old,  
One day, when a friend was invited to share  
A remnant of mutton both scraggy and cold,  
Inquired of his guest how to manage his ice,  
And where should he keep it? "Why, keep it, by  
Jove!"  
Retorted the friend, "since you ask my advice, —  
Keep your ice in your kitchen — shut up in your  
stove!"

ON A MISER.

(AD CINNAM.)

If it be true, as grave historians say,  
That, just by sipping poison every day,

King Mithridates grew at last to be  
Quite poison-proof, 't is plain enough to see  
Your style of dining makes it mighty clear  
Death by starvation you 've no cause to fear !

## ON A CRITIC.

(AD AUCTUM.)

A brother scribbler calls my verses wrong  
In point of art ; small merit he can see.  
Well, since my readers like my simple song,  
That, I am sure, is quite enough for me ;  
The man who gives a public dinner looks  
To please his guests, not other people's cooks !

## ON A QUIBBLING SUPPLICANT.

(DE MARONE.)

Maro's dear friend was sick, and like to take  
A trip, untimely, o'er the Stygian lake ;  
So Maro vowed, if Heaven would kindly spare  
His crony's life, in answer to his prayer,  
He 'd build a church, to show his gratitude.  
The friend gets well. Quoth Maro, " I conclude,

Since prayers alone so perfectly succeed,  
Of building churches there is little need !”

## ON A COXCOMB.

(IN EFFRONTES.)

Your nose and eyes your father gave, you say ;  
Your mouth, your grandsire ; and your mother meek,  
Your fine expression. Tell me, now, I pray,  
Where, in the name of Heaven, you got your *cheek* !

## ON A QUACK DOCTOR.

(IN MALUM MEDICUM.)

Phlebotamus, a quack before,  
Seeks now a soldier's fame ;  
A change of title, — nothing more, —  
His trade is still the same !

## ON A LITIGIOUS MAN.

(IN GARGLIANUM.)

What ! twenty years at law, my friend !  
Why did n't you contrive  
To save your skin and make an end,  
By getting beat in five ?

## TO A BORROWING FRIEND.

(AD FAUSTINUM.)

You say you 're sorry that you cannot pay  
"That little loan" you promised me to-day ;  
I can't dispute you, since, in very sooth,  
What you aver may be the simple truth ;  
Sorry or not, my friend, I much incline  
To think your grief not half so deep as mine !

## ON A SUICIDE.

(DE FANNIO.)

Poor Fannius, who greatly feared to die,  
Embraced the enemy he fain would fly.  
Strange contradiction, weary of the strife,  
He ceased to live from very love of life ;  
With his own hand he stops his vital breath ;  
Madness extreme ! — to die for fear of death !

## ON CHEAP PURCHASING.

(DE BASSU.)

"See here !" cries Bassus, in a brand-new coat,  
Worth, at the least, a fifty-dollar note ;

“I got it at a bargain. Please to guess  
How much it cost. A hundred? Vastly less!  
There’s not one man in twenty who can buy  
A coat or hat one half so cheap as I.”  
“That’s true,” quoth Tom; “his surely is the praise  
Of buying mighty cheap — who never pays!”

## ON A SPENDTHRIFT.

(AD PHILOMUSUM.)

To you, while yet he lived, your father lent  
Two thousand pounds a month — in folly spent;  
Though large the stipend, each succeeding day  
Brought fresh demands to melt the sum away.  
Now, all his wealth is yours without his care;  
You’re disinherited by being heir!

## TO AN UGLY WOMAN WITH A SWEET VOICE.

(DE VETULA.)

When first I met thee — in the dark alone —  
And heard entranced thy voice’s dulcet tone,  
My heart was pierced with love’s delicious pain;  
But when I saw thee, I was well again!

## THE TRUTHFUL PRETENDER.

(DE CINNA.)

Cinna, who lives in such a splendid style  
That many deem him rich, still wears a smile  
Of mock humility, which says, "Be sure,  
Whatever folks may fancy, I am poor."  
Ah! vain pretence to cheat familiar friends,  
Who know full well he is what he pretends!

## ON DINING WITH STRANGERS.

(AD FABULUM.)

You bid me dine with folks unknown,  
And wonder I decline;  
Well, when I choose to dine alone,  
I stay at home and dine!

## ON A RICH MAN'S COUNTRY-SEAT.

(IN HABENTEM AMÆNAS ÆDES.)

Your parks are unsurpassed in noble trees;  
A finer bath than yours one seldom sees;  
Grand is your colonnade, and all complete  
The stone mosaic underneath your feet;

Your steeds are fine ; your hunting-grounds are wide,  
And gleaming fountains spout on every side ;  
Your drawing-rooms are grand ; there's nothing cheap  
Except the places where you eat and sleep !  
With all the space and splendor you have got,  
O, what a charming mansion you have *not* !

## ON A POOR MAN OF EXTRAVAGANT HABITS.

(AD CASTOREM.)

Such lavish purchases, my giddy friend,  
To thoughtful minds an auction-sale portend ;  
It needs no prophet, surely, to foretell,  
Who buys so much will soon have all to sell !



## NOTE.

[SEE PAGE 169.]

Of this and the following Fables credited to *Yriarte*, it is proper to say that they are taken from French versions of the works of the great Spanish Fabulist, and therefore make no pretension of fidelity—whether of matter or manner—to the original text. I take occasion of this note to add, concerning other pieces in this volume, that, though derived directly from the Greek, Roman, German, and French originals, they are, for the most part,—as the scholarly reader will observe,—not so much translations as paraphrases, wherein I have endeavored to preserve the spirit of the author, while consulting the exigencies of an English poem in respect of rhyme and rhythm and general manner of treatment.

THE END.













